THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

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John K. Urich 82 20

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

THE PRAYER OF THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

BY MRS. F. B. M. BROTHERSON.

I come to Thee, my Father—Thou wilt hear
The fond petition of a loving heart—
Thou, who enthroned in majesty above,
The strength and succor of Thy children art.

I come to Thee—and as I lowly kneel,
Would rend the veil that severs me from Thee;
So if, perchance, I touched Thy shining robe,
My hand of Faith would win this boon for me.

Thy quivering starlight rests upon my brow,
The calmness of Thy Heaven doth touch my heart—
And I have shut out from me all the world,
All—all—save one—of life how dear a part.

I cannot leave him, Father—he is linked
So closely to this pleading soul of mine;
I breathe to Thee no prayer without his name,
But blend it even tenderly with Thine.

Look down upon him from Thine own high home,
Hold him within Thy guardian, loving arms;
He standeth now upon the battle-field,
Amid its fearful danger and alarms.

His heart is brave—he knoweth not a fear,
To deeds of valor he will hasten on—
Go Thou before him—that the shadow dark
May never rest his chosen path upon.

Shelter his head so dear from every ill,
Keep back the crimson tide from his dark hair—
Let not a traitor hand, with ruthless aim,
Mar the rich beauty that doth linger there.

Let not those eyes grow dim when far away,
Looking in vain for some beloved face;
Let not those lips their latest accents tell
Where Love's sweet ministry hath not a place.

Let not those footsteps fail amid the fray,
Let not his faithful hand grow rigid there—
Keep him! oh keep him, Father, from *all* harm,
Vouchsafe a blessed answer to my prayer.

I ask Thee not that he may proudly win
Upon the battle-field a glorious name—
I ask Thee not to wreathe his manly brow,
With the unfading laurel wreath of Fame.

I only ask for life—his precious life,
Content, if Thou will give this boon to me;
All merciful!—I only ask that Thou—
His Rock of refuge, and defence will be.

For this—I offer up my pleading prayer,
Hear me! oh! hear me—in Thy peaceful Heaven,
Where war's loud clang doth fold no silver wing,
Where mortals stand unsinning and forgiven.

Take him in Thine own arms—I leave him there,
I give him up to no one Lord—save Thee—
My heart shall deem him sacred and secure,
My Faith shall ever firm and changeless be.

Peoria, Illinois.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

THE NORTHERN MEN'S REQUEST.

BY HARRIET M. BEAN.

You have called and many thousands
Have obeyed your wise behest,
And in the hour of battle,
Each will try to do his best;
But we earnestly would proffer
To our Leader one request—
That once more the free volition
Of the people may be tried;
We ask it for our honor,
And we ask it for our pride;
Let it ne'er be said that freemen,
Were compelled to take the field,
Or to do the land a service
That each would not gladly yield;
For we stand before the nations
Like a city on a hill,
And, afar off, men are watching
For the workings of our will.
Shall we go to meet the foeman
From our ardor in the cause,
Or shall we go as conscripts,
From obedience to the laws?

In the broad land of our fathers,
Not a patriot's heart is dumb,
And our brothers in the service
All appeal to us to come.
Believe us, in our homes of ease
We cannot weakly stay,
When Duty and our highest hopes
All beckon us away.
When the full moon of October,
Shall look down upon our land,
Every soldier shall be ready
With his musket in his hand;
And though upon the battle-field
We now and then may blunder,
At our readiness for action,
All the world shall pause and wonder.
Then let us not be drafted,
For as Volunteers we go;
Yet again three hundred thousand
For a contest with the foe.
Thus let us go to conquer,
And the ardor of our will
Shall help us on the battle-field
Our mission to fulfill.

AN ORIGINAL NOVELETTE.

FAITHFUL FOREVER.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER—PHILA.]

BY EMMA GARRISON,

AUTHORESS OF "FREDDY IRVIN," "ZAIDEE, OR THE RUBY CROSS," &c.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER IV.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

At an early hour the next morning, a roguish little fellow, with brimless cap and unshod feet, brought a small parcel to the farm-house for Miss Florence Kent.

"Who sent it?" asked the old farmer, who chanced to be the one to receive it.

"Mr. Kenilworth."

The old gentleman smiled very benignly at this intelligence, and started off in search of Florence. He found her in the summer-house, engaged in copying off a sheet of music.

"Here, puss," he said, pleasantly, "something for you from Mr. Kenilworth."

She dropped her music and extended both hands eagerly. He gave her the package, and sat down on the painted seat while she unfolded it.

"A book, is it?"

"Yes, Sir; Hamilton's philosophy—he promised to let me have it, last night—and here's a note."

She drew a slip of paper from between the leaves, and perused the penciled lines with a deepening color in her cheeks. Mr. Kenilworth merely hoped she was well, and begged her to send for other books whenever she wanted them.

"Who brought it, father?" she asked, putting the slip in her portfolio.

"One of the schoolboys."

"Is he here yet?"

"Yes."

"Then I'll write a note, and send Mr. Kenilworth my Coleridge."

Her father did not object; and, tearing off part of the sheet upon which she was copying the music, she wrote:

"MR. KENILWORTH:—I thank you very much for the philosophy, and also for your kind offer to lend me other books—I will send for them after I have read this. I wish I had something new to send you; but I almost know you have all that my book-case contains. Yet I love my Coleridge so much that I cannot refrain from sending it. Of course you have one of your own; but read just a little in mine by way of variation. Your friend,

"FLORENCE KENT."

She ran off to get her Coleridge, leaving the old farmer alone in the summer-house.

"Well, women are queer," he muttered to himself, "take 'em as you will. Last night she was as shy as a filly, and this morning she's all kindness. I'm glad to see it—the Attorney's a good match for any girl. I wonder what he has written her? No harm to see, I s'pose," and opening the portfolio, he took out the little slip and read it over; but when he came to the name he dropped it in blank amazement. "*Horace* Kenilworth! Well, deuce take it, I do say—I've been completely sold—but the girl shan't know it—I'll never let on that I know a word about it."

So, picking up the strip of paper, he replaced it in the portfolio, and left the summer-house in high dudgeon.

In the little, brown schoolhouse, surrounded by an eager, restless circle of youthful life, Horace Kenilworth received the note, and with it the beautifully-bound copy of Coleridge. He read it over twice, his dreamy eyes brightening into positive happiness; then folding it very carefully, put it in his vest pocket; and all day long, even while he overlooked blotted copies and ran up long lines of figures, and attended to the recitations of Greek, and Latin, and English classes, he held the book in his hand with a kind of caressing clasp, as if it was anything more than any other ordinary volume. Horace Kenilworth was hopelessly sentimental—almost romantic—no wonder the matter-of-fact people of Rockville cried out against him.

That night, in his dingy little chamber at Doctor Pettengill's, he felt, for the first time in all his life, a feeling of discontent. The summer moon shone as brightly as ever; the fields below, the mountains, and the river, were all as picturesque. The great apple tree beneath his window was white with fragrant bloom; and the locust boughs tossed their plume-like branches almost within his reach. And there were his books, and his writing-desk, and his lamp—but somehow they failed to satisfy him. He tried to read, but the page swam before his wandering gaze—and, throwing by the volume in despair, he sat down by the open window.

Just before him, bathed in the misty radiance of the summer moon, lay the old home of his forefathers—the home that had once been his own. But he was homeless now, and well-nigh friendless and penniless. He turned from the dewy fragrance of the outer world, and glanced round his little chamber. It was so dark, and small, and cheerless—the shadows hung so gloomily over his humble couch—even over his precious volumes—everything was so silent—no voice—no smiling face—no love—no hope—nothing but utter loneliness. And then, as if in cruel contrast, a sudden vision flashed up before him; a vision of his boyhood's home, bright with pleasant lights; cheerful with song and music; and beautified, glorified by one angelic presence, a fair, meek-eyed maiden, with robes of glistering white, and amber tresses confined in a net of gleaming pearls.

It might have been! The thought fell upon his heart like a crushing weight, and his eyes turned wistfully towards the old Kenilworth grave-yard. Many of us have felt tae same, or will feel it sooner or later; therefore let us be lenient, and not too hastily condemn that solitary man, because for the moment he would willingly have lain down to an eternal rest. We all know that it is far nobler

> "In the mind to suffer
> The sling and arrows of outrageous fortune,
> Than to take arms against a sea of troubles,
> And, by opposing, end them."

Yet not always are we courageous enough to choose the nobler action. It is that "dread of something after death" that constrains a great many of us from making our final "quietus."

But, though sorrow may abide for a night, joy comes with the morning, and it came to Horace. If not positive joy; peace, calmness, and strength to live when life possessed but few attractions. The sun came up and brightened the gloomy chamber with his early beams; a soft breeze rustled the milky bloom of the apple tree, and dallied with the locust plumes; the river throbbed like a happy heart, and the mountain became a temple of sylvan melody. Down the green lanes and dewy by-paths the light-hearted children went streaming towards the little brown school-house, and the master went forth to meet them, almost a happy man. For nothing ever produces lasting unhappiness but a sense of wrong and sin; the soul that is unspotted before God, and at peace with its fellow men, cannot remain long cast down. Such a one was Horace Kenilworth's. That is a great deal to say for you, demure, young schoolmaster, but it is true nevertheless. You are a happy man, and a rich one too in comparison with some others we could mention, notwithstanding that dingy little chamber of yours, and last night's weary repinings. Innocence and integrity are precious treasures; better than houses or lands, even than home and friends. Guard them well!

How fares it on this jocund summer morning with our friend, the Attorney? We will give the pleasant gentleman a call. The old Hall looks its brightest. All traces of the late festival have disappeared; the grounds are green and newly-raked, the yards and gardens in exquisite order. The crimson roses are heavy with dewy fragrance, and the hot-houses, thrown open to admit the refreshing breeze, reveal rare treasures of bud and blossom. The pillared porch looks charming in the early sunlight—so do the lofty halls and the grand old library. The heavy curtains are slightly parted, and the morning light breaks through their crimson folds with rich, subdued effulgence. The long files of richly-bound volumes fairly glitter; and gazing on that picture of the Dying Gladiator, amid all this rosy warmth, one half believes himself in the veritable old city of the Cæsars. It is really wonderful that Apollo's lyre remains silent, and his great heart inanimate, amid all this rejoicing sunshine.

But where is the Attorney? Not in the gardens or the halls; nor yet in the pleasant library. We must seek still farther. Ah, we find him at last. In his dressing-room, attended by his French valet. The Attorney is a man of fashion as well as of law and letters. He is faultlessly dressed—plain clerical black, spotless linen, and straw-colored gloves. The valet applies the smallest possible quantity of French extract to his linen handkerchief, and then goes down to order, not the old-fashioned, Kenilworth carriage, but the Attorney's elegant modern sulky. The Attorney descends also—pauses on the porch—plucks a white rose-bud, and fastens it in his vest—and, toying with his silver-mounted whip, waits until the sulky drives up Then he springs lightly from the steps into the seat, gathers up the reins, gives a few orders to his overseer, and drives down towards the village. Old men doff their hats as he passes; women and children courtesy from the doorways; and every impeding gate or pair of draw-bars flies open and tumbles down as if by magic. The Attorney is evidently a favorite.

Presently he encounters his cousin, the thriftless schoolmaster, sauntering down the lane, with a book in his hand and a crowd of children at his heels. The Attorney's hat is off in an instant.

"Cousin Horace, good morning—good morning. How happy you look with your little satellites revolving after you!"

The schoolmaster bows, says "good morning" very kindly, and smiles, a smile rather more of amusement than anything else.

"What a fine morning it is," continues the sweet-spoken Attorney; "I could not persuade myself to remain in my office to-day—and I'm going to call on the Kents—Miss Florence especially—charming, isn't she?"

The transient smile fades suddenly from the schoolmaster's face—he bows again and hurries on, and the elegant sulky rolls away with its elegant driver.

"Tell Florence to come down," said farmer Kent to the first domestic that passed him; a little too hasty in his eagerness, perhaps, for real etiquette, as, with many smiles and pleasant phrases, he ushered Attorney Kenilworth into the old hall with the antlers over the mantel.

Florence could not disobey her father's commands, though she had a strong inclination to do so; so she came down just as she was, in her purple gingham wrapper, with her bright hair gathered together in a silken net. Mr. Kent was greatly mortified at her appearance; but the Attorney thought her charming, and expressed as much by every look and gesture.

He hoped, he said, that his little festival had pleased her. She was very well pleased, she thanked him. Did she enjoy herself? Not much, she did not like large parties. Her father cleared his throat significantly—but the Attorney agreed with Miss Florence. He loved a few friends; a fireside circle; but he felt it his duty to make some demonstration of his gratitude to all his neighbors for their kindness since he had been among them. The old Hall seemed desolate after having had such a throng of visiters; indeed his life was desolate. Bachelors were greatly to be pitied—did not Miss Florence think so? She did not know. What, then, was Mr. Kent's opinion? Mr. Kent thought they were greatly to be pitied—a bachelor's life was no life—he advised men to marry. The Attorney agreed with him—and would willingly follow his advice—if he only could. Then he stopped short, dropped his eyes—and then asked abruptly if Miss Florence was fond of reading? She was. He had a number of books—would she allow him the pleasure of supplying her with whatever kind she fancied? She thanked him, but did not need any.

Mr. Kent could stand it no longer. What was the matter with the girl, she was not behaving civilly? The Attorney could explain it—he was not a favorite with the ladies. Miss Florence was like all the rest; he was a poor, unfortunate fellow; and, bowing and smiling gracefully, he took his departure; and Florence ran up to her chamber, and snatching up the worn volume of Philosophy, bent her head down upon it and burst into tears. Foolish, foolish Florence!

Summer trailed his fiery splendors by—autumn came and heaped her golden gifts on every threshold—and winter lit his blazing fires on every hearthstone. Rockville was brim-full of gossip. Attorney Kenilworth, of Kenilworth Hall, was going to marry Florence Kent, the farmer's daughter. Some thought it a great condescension on the Attorney's part, and a piece of rare good fortune for Florence. Others insisted that she was every whit as good as he, by birth and education; and she was not far behind him in riches; her father was able to give her as handsome a bridal portion as the next one; and, moreover, she was the best-tempered, sweetest-faced girl in the State. At any rate, the matter was settled; the Attorney never missed a day without calling at the farm-house, and sent up a bunch of hot-house flowers nearly every morning. Indeed, the good people asserted that the wedding dress was being made, and that the wedding itself would come off during the Christmas holidays.

How did the schoolmaster take all this gossip? As he took all things else, calmly and without a murmur, a spoken one at least; but we greatly doubt whether his hidden heart was as placid as his external aspect. Be that as it may, however, he did not envy his cousin, or feel the least unkindly towards him; he rather rejoiced at his good fortune, as he did at that of all God's living creatures. If he experienced any emotion, it was a wistful regret that all the love and sweet home happiness vouchsafed to others had been denied himself. Or he may not have credited the flying reports; or if he did, perhaps he thought it would be well, and solaced himself, for the time being, with the tinted notes, and books, and scraps of poetry which he almost daily received from Florence, in return for the volumes she drew week after week from his library. She was an artless, affectionate child, and filled her notes with expressions of warm and grateful friendship; she called him her "literary friend," her "patient teacher and adviser;" and once or twice, when he had met her in the village, she treated him with the most cordial kindness.

Still he never visited her, nor did she invite him to do so; nor was he conscious of having such a desire. He loved her—of that he was most surely convicted—but only as he loved all other beautiful creations. He loved her for her loveable qualities—her radiant loveliness and holy purity; and most of all for her kindness to himself. If he had been an artist, he would have painted her as his divinest ideal. If he had been a poet, she would have been the inspiration of his song; but being only a village schoolmaster, he blessed and worshipped her in silence. If he had been questioned in regard to his feelings, whether they were selfish or not, or if he was looking forward to any future reward, he would have started back in indignant amazement. Yet, for all this, the tenor of his life had undergone a manifest change.

He did not lavish his entire income on books, as he had formerly done, but laid it up dollar upon dollar—not with any definite purpose, but actuated by a kind of blind instinct. Much as he had shunned public notice and coveted seclusion and retirement, the village suddenly became too small for his expanding aspirations. The little brown school-house could no longer content him; he wanted to try his fortune in the great, busy world; to work, and win if possible. And for what? He could not tell; he was only conscious of a change in his feelings; he was ignorant of the cause.

So he concluded to resign the school at the coming vacation, and try for something else. The resolution was firmly taken, but it cost him many a pang, many a bitter heart-throe that he tried in vain to suppress.

Ah, Florence, we told you of this, but you would not heed our warning! Behold the effects of your well-meant kindness! You have roused that solitary man, and sent his soul out like a restless wanderer over the world's great deep. Are you sure it will return again bearing the olive-branch of peace? If not, you would have been far more merciful to have left him alone in his happy friendlessness.

CHAPTER V.

A PROPOSAL AND A PARTY.

"Florence, Attorney Kenilworth's in the hall, and desires to see you alone for a few moments."

Florence looked up from her book in utter amazement.

"Wishes to see *me*, father?"

"Yes, child, yes; don't be silly."

"What can he wish to see me *alone* for, father?" she continued, her cheeks crimsoning with painful perplexity.

"Florence," said her father, making a great effort to look stern, "you must know that Lawrence Kenilworth hasn't been coming here all this time for nothing. He has just made me a very feeling proposal for your hand in marriage. I have given my consent—he now waits for yours."

"O father, father!"

"Why, child, what's the matter?"

"You have given your consent, father? You cannot—you do not mean it."

"Why not, Florence? Lawrence Kenilworth says he loves you; and he's a good match—worthy of any girl."

"Would you be willing for me to marry him, father?"

"Yes, child, if you love him. He's in good circumstances—able to take care of you—and will, I think, make an affectionate husband."

Florence smiled, not her mother's smile, but a flash of cold, cutting contempt.

"Father, the man who did not scruple to defraud his cousin out of his lawful patrimony, will never make an affectionate husband."

"Hush, child, you don't know what you say; you're foolishly excited; I'll tell the Attorney to call again."

"No, Sir, no; I'll speak with him at once," and before the bewildered old man could detain her, she had left the room.

"Good morning, Mr. Kenilworth; my father says you desire to speak with me?"

The Attorney started up in surprise as the clear, resonant voice fell on his ear; and, for once in his life, came well-nigh losing his gentlemanly self-possession. Florence paused in the centre of the room, her head erect, her flossy hair pushed back in rippling waves from her placid brow; her wine-colored merino falling in sweeping folds about her delicate figure, as regal and impassable as a veritable queen.

"Pray be seated, Miss Florence," he said, after a moment's hesitation, his voice just the least unsteady, but his gray eyes flashing as they took in at a single glance her strange and haughty beauty. She suffered him to lead her to a seat, and then turned towards him with an air of polite attention.

The Attorney was perfectly charmed; never before in all their acquaintance had she appeared half so enchanting. He admired her spirit too—conscious of her inferior standing, she was determined to act the queen, and make him sue long and humbly before she bestowed her smiles. He would sue—pretty, wilful, little beauty—he would bow down at her feet if she wished it. He rather admired a woman of spirit—a woman chary of her smiles.

"Miss Florence," he began, with one of his blandest smiles and most deferential bows, "I am about, with your permission, to speak that which my actions must long ere this have betrayed—to tell you, Miss Florence, that I admire, respect and love you above all other women."

He paused. She bowed, and he went on.

"I know it seems presumptuous in me to ask so much; but my heart forces me to speak—I love you, Florence, my happiness is in your hands—my name, fortune, everything I possess, are at your disposal. Will you be my wife?"

She arose, and stood before him, not a muscle of her calm face moved.

"No, Mr. Kenilworth, I cannot be your wife."

"Florence, Florence: hear me one moment."

"You have said enough, Sir. I thank you for the honor you would do me, but cannot accept it. Good morning!"

She floated out, as she had floated in, and left him standing in the centre of the room amazed and bewildered. For a moment or so, his face was only expressive of extreme astonishment; then it changed and his eyes flashed, and his lips quivered with rage. But after awhile he smiled; a smile of conscious power and anticipated triumph. She would come over before long; let her queen it for awhile if it pleased her. Such regal dignity and haughtiness was quite becoming to such an airy little blossom; indeed he liked it much better than the ill-concealed delight and ready willingness of her doting old father.

The Attorney mounted his elegant sulky and drove home in an exceeding good humor. A difficult chase was before him; and he delighted in difficulties. The excitement of the chase was almost as pleasing as the possession of the game. Of course the game was sure.

"I don't know what'll ever become of our children, Alice?" grumbled farmer Kent, bursting unceremoniously upon his wife, as she sat reading in her bed-chamber, a few moments after the Attorney's departure.

She laid aside her book and looked up inquiringly.

"Why," continued her husband, "there's Clifford heels over head in love with Mary Lane, a poor sewing girl."

"Mary Lane is a worthy girl, Nathan; she sews to support her invalid mother," interrupted his wife, gently.

"O, well; I'm saying nothing against her. She's worthy enough, I dare say; but I don't want Clifford to marry her. But if I say a word, he'll just flare up and turn in to drinking, maybe."

"O, Nathan!"

"It's the truth, Alice; and now there's Florence, just to be contrary, has rejected Lawrence Kenilworth, and declares she'll never accept him."

"I'm glad she has, Nathan."

"Glad? What do you mean, Alice?"

"Exactly what I say."

"Pshaw! you women beat the very deuce—"

"Nathan!"

"Well, well—excuse me. But why are you glad that Florence has rejected the Attorney?"

"Because I think it is better for her."

"Better, Alice? Why he's one of the first men in the State, and wealthy too. I tell you what, Florence ought to think herself honored by his addresses; there's not a girl in the State that wouldn't jump at his offer."

"All that may be true, Nathan; I'm aware that Florence would do well enough so far as wealth and position are concerned; but she'd never be happy, Nathan. Our husband, husband, a woman wants something more than wealth and position—they cannot comfort her in her lonely hours of sorrow and suffering. I would sooner lay her down in her quiet grave—my gentle, tender little Florence—than see her the wife of that keen, cold man."

She spoke with passionate earnestness, strangely unlike her habitual calmness of expression. The old man regarded her with astonishment.

"Why, Alice, Lawrence Kenilworth's a favorite, far and near. There's not a man in the village who speaks ill of him. I never knew any one to dislike him, except our Clifford."

"Yes, he's a favorite, and why? Because of his position and prosperity; because he smiles and bows to his neighbors, as a king might smile and bow to his servile courtiers. Do you think he cares for them, Nathan—has one kindly feeling for them? He, who did not scruple to turn his poor young cousin out of house and home—do you think that he cares anything for the people of Rockville, only to make them subservient to his will? He smiles upon and feasts them now, because he wants to hold his present office, or perhaps to secure a higher one; but if it would answer his purpose better, and he had the power, he would not hesitate to sacrifice the whole of them, soul and body, upon the altar of his selfish pleasure. Clifford read him rightly; he is a smooth-tongued tyrant, as cruel at heart as he is fair and pleasing externally. He become the husband of our Florence—our tender little blossom that we have cherished so tenderly? O, Nathan, Nathan, you cannot mean it—you would not tear her from your bosom, and put her in the power of that hard, selfish man?"

"No, Alice, no—don't talk any more, for Heaven's sake; I don't care if she never marries—I don't want to part with her—only I thought it would be for her own good," almost sobbed the old man, his chin quivering and his eyes filling with tears.

"I know you did, dear husband," she replied, her voice dropping down to a key of melting sweetness, as she came over and stood behind his chair, "but you were mistaken; I know Florence's heart as well as I know my own; she never would learn to love Lawrence Kenilworth; and without love married life is a bitter mockery."

Then she smoothed back his thin, gray hair, touched her lips to his brow, and glided out; and that was the last that was ever heard at the farm-house of Attorney Kenilworth's proposal; but, alas, it was far from being the last of its consequences!

It is a trite, and also a truthful saying, that one sorrow treads upon another's heels; and the maxim holds equally good in regard to other matters. Joys, wonders, and other such compounds as go to make up the sum of our existence, come not singly, but in pairs. Rockville was destined to another unlooked-for surprise. The first had been occasioned by the announcement of Attorney Kenilworth's party; the second was caused by something similar, though on a different scale. But the effect was pretty much the same; a single spark will explode a magazine of powder as quickly and effectually as a blazing torch.

But to return to the point, the second surprise was caused by the announcement that, on Christmas night, Miss Tabby Stebbins would give a party to Mary Lane, that night being her birth-night, and the consummation of her eighteenth year. Mary herself was astonished, and all Rockville with her, for Miss Tabby's light purse could ill afford such extravagance; but the little milliner announced her determination, and acted in accordance therewith with characteristic firmness and independence.

"The poor young thing," she said, "was workin herself to death, and settin up by her sick mother o' nights, and never a bit o' pleasure or recreation. And she'd sewed for her year in and year out, for goodness knowed how long, and had brought in many and many a dollar; and she meant to give her a party, and a new party dress, because she believed it was her plain Christian duty. She knowed she was poor, and not able to fool away many dollars jest for pleasure; but what she made by hard work was her own, and she'd a right to do as she pleased with it. And folks might say what they liked; but, for her part, she b'lieved it was jest as much charity to spend a little money on a young thing like Mary Lane as to send it off to the heathen or drop it in the hat o' Sundays. Young hearts would hanker after finery and pleasure, it was the nature of 'em—and God give 'em their nature she s'posed—she'd been young herself, and knowed all about it, and she meant to give Mary Lane a birth-night party. She couldn't invite the whole village, to be sure, as Attorney Kenilworth did; because her house wasn't large enough to hold 'em. But she'd ask most o' the young girls, and some o' the nicest young men—and the Attorney. It wouldn't look well, she s'posed, not to invite him, as long as she was at his party; though, to tell the truth, he was used to sich grand livin, she'd rather be without him; but she'd ask him anyhow, maybe he wouldn't come. And then, there was his cousin, the schoolmaster; such a shy, queer kind o' fellow, she hardly knowed what to do; but maybe 'twould hurt his feelins to ask the Attorney and not him. She'd ask him anyhow—and Clifford and Florence Kent, and that should be all. She'd dress out the front room with holly and mistletoe, and move the tables and things so as to make room; and Miss Knox would let her have a dozen chairs, and Miss Brown a half dozen; and they'd be enough with her own and Miss Lane's. And she'd get some confectionery in market; and she and Mary could make some things—they'd get up a nice little supper, and without much cost either. And what if it did cost? She'd enough! Life was short at best—none of 'em want anything much longer. She was plenty able to give Mary Lane a party."

And she did! Christmas night found her front room profusely, yet most artistically, for remember Miss Tabby was a milliner, adorned with evergreens and lighted with nice sperm candles; and the back-room, generally used as workshop, converted into a comfortable supper-room, with an ample table daintily spread with a variety of tempting nick-nacks. To be sure the cakes were the least bit stale once in a while, and the candies and nuts were not of the very first quality; but the cream-cakes and crispy dough-nuts made by Mary's hands, were unexceptionable; so were Miss Tabby's sweetmeats and tea-rolls. And what would the happy young people care for stale cakes or indifferent candies? Kiss-verses and philopœnas were all they wanted.

At an early hour, Mrs. Lane's easy chair was established in an out-of-the-way corner, where she could see and not be disturbed; and Miss Tabby, stiff and prim in her lilac-colored silk, sat waiting to receive her guests; but Mary lingered in her dressing-room; and, being somewhat privileged, we will intrude for a moment into its sacred privacy.

It is a small, unpretending place, furnished quite simply—only a few common chairs, a small bed, and a cherry-wood toilet-stand—yet it is very sweet and attractive; and so is it's gentle occupant, standing before the little oval mirror. Her pretty, girlish form is gracefully draped in a robe of white crape, (Miss Tabby's present,) the double skirt looped up with tufts of green leaves and scarlet berries, the neck and sleeves edged with delicate lace.

Her glossy, purplish black hair is brushed back from her forehead, revealing the perfect contour of her face, and twisted into a shining coil behind, ornamented with one of those exquisite little head-dresses which milliners always so successfully arrange for themselves, but cannot be induced to get up for any one outside of the fraternity; and her hands are daintily encased in white kid gloves. She is a pretty, innocent young creature, reminding one, in her fresh, blooming beauty, of an early primrose, or some other such fragrant blossom. But her face, usually full of sunshine, is almost sorrowful now, and her dark eyes are full of earnest thought as she bends them upon an open casket, containing a beautiful necklace of pearls, and upon a small note lying beside it, containing the following words, written in a clear, bold hand:

"DEAR MARY:—You know I love you more than any one else in the world; and if you think you can love me, just as I am, with all my faults and follies, wear this necklace of pearls to-night as your Christmas gift.

"CLIFFORD."

It was an almost irresistible temptation, and Mary found her previous resolutions growing very weak as she lifted the necklace from the casket and held it up before the candle. The soft, lucid pearls glistened with a bewildering, seductive light—she wanted so much to wear them, not only for the giver's, but for their own sake. She had all a young girl's innocent love for beautiful ornaments. Indeed, beauty and refinement, and luxurious surroundings, seemed to be her natural birthrights. She was a tropical blossom; her nature called for the warm sunshine and the odorous palm-groves; yet all her life, save one little spot far back in her childhood, had been passed upon the sterile heights, exposed to the cutting winds. That childhood remembrance had been for years her only solace—she loved to shut her eyes to the actual world, and dream of the far-off summer days when she dwelt with her parents in a large, luxurious mansion, on the borders of a beautiful river; and she and her twin-brother did nothing all day long but chase the yellow butterflies from flower to flower, or watch their mimic vessels on the shining water—she loved to remember all this, and to forget the after events, the black and woful days when her father and brother were flashed up from the bottom of the stream—the beautiful home they so loved, and all its costly adornings, seized upon by relentless creditors; and her mother and herself sent out into the world without friends or home.

But, of late, a new and unexpected joy had suddenly overflooded all her barren life, gilding the waste places with strange brightness, and transforming her daily toil into positive pleasure. With all her innate love and longing for brightness and beauty, she could not resist its entrancing influence; she could only yield passively, willingly, like one in the maze of a dream. But a sudden shock awoke her to the keen and humiliating consciousness that it was too late to retract—too late to leave the sunshine and go back contentedly to her life of shadow.

Farmer Kent did not wish his son to marry a poor seamstress—he would disown him if he did—such was the gossip of Rockville wiseacres, and it roused all the latent pride in Mary's heart. She did not want to marry his son—she would never enter any family as an inferior.

But now, as she stood alone in the twilight solitude of her little chamber, with the casket of pearls and that luring note before her, pride and courage both failed, and she knew not where to turn for strength or help. It was so hard to refuse him—to go to her birth-night festival and leave the necklace behind her; and thus, by one simple act, end all her hope and happiness. Old memories came crowding back with cruel vividness—memories of summer evenings, when a gay, handsome face bent over her work-stand, and a pair of dancing black eyes watched her busy fingers as they plaited straw trimmings or knotted laces and ribbons—of moonlight nights, when she leaned upon a manly arm with such a blissful sense of protection and security, and strolled down the banks of the river. But it must all end; and she must go back to her old, lonely life, and live and work—and die—that was all that remained.

And he would suffer too. How could she bear his reproachful glances when he saw that she would not wear the necklace? She felt very sure that he loved her—and he was so hot-tempered and impulsive—so unused to being thwarted in his wishes—he might!—she could not follow up the thought. That terrible night when she saw his horse go home without him flashed up before her, and she sank down upon her couch with a low, heart-broken moan.

Miss Tabby's shrill door-bell aroused her. The guests were assembling; she must go. Wearily she rose up, almost utterly hopeless—she for whom the kind-hearted milliner had planned her little festival. What a bitter, bitter mockery it all seemed to her then! How little she cared for the beautiful dress, over which, a few hours before, she had been so childishly excited! How she longed to put it off and sit down by herself in her silent chamber! But she must go. Circumstances love to be inexorable; they rarely ever adapt themselves to our inclinations. For a single moment she yielded. What if his proud father did object—Clifford loved her—was not that enough? She put out her hand for the necklace—then suddenly drew it back. No, no, she could not do it; she could not bring his father's displeasure upon him and sacrifice her own dignity. With fluttering, nervous fingers, she closed the casket, folded it up in a sheet of paper, and directed it to Clifford; and then, with a weary, lingering step, went across to Miss Tabby's. The little milliner met her in the supper-room, and held up her hands in delight.

"Well, I do declare, you're the sweetest piece o' humanity I ever set eyes on. That dress—now ain't it a beauty? There wont be such another here to-night. But, Lord, child, what in the world's the matter?"

Mary tried to falter out something, but her voice failed her, and, leaning her head against Miss Tabby's shoulder, she burst into tears.

"Why, Mary, honey, what's the matter—what's gone wrong? Don't cry—don't—you'll spoil your eyes and hair—don't cry, honey!"

She sobbed for a moment or two like a grieved child, and then raised her head and brushed away the tears that had relieved her overburthened heart.

"It's nothing much, Miss Tabby; only I've been very foolish—but it's all over now—don't think any more about it. I'll go in now."

"Yes, dear, go in; the most o' the folks have come," said Miss Tabby, gently; but the moment Mary had disappeared her face took on a look of scathing vengeance. "The mean, sneakin' scoundrel," she murmured, "to trifle with a young thing like her—jest to think—here he's been comin' and comin', goodness knows how long, and I fool enough to let him. But I didn't expect it of Clifford Kent—I thought him more of a man than to get an innocent girl in love with him, and then leave her to break her heart. Jest let him show his nose here again—I'll give him a piece o' my mind, if he *is* a rich man's son. I've a great mind to go in an' give it to him now. I would if it wasn't for Mary. Poor little heart—how much she thought of her new dress and her party—and now her pleasure's all spoiled—it's too bad. I wish there wasn't a man on the face of the earth—I don't see what they were ever made for no-how."

The unconscious object of this terrible tirade stood in a dusky corner of the parlor, his face all aglow with intense expectation. When Mary entered, a crimson flush swept over his broad forehead, and every muscle in his stalwart frame quivered with suppressed excitement. Then an appalling change came over him; the eager light in his eyes gave place to a fierce and desperate expression; his face grew deadly pale, and then flushed up again with a burning, fiery glow.

"Mary," he said, striding across the room and grasping her arm, "did you receive the package I sent you?"

"Yes, Clifford."

"And wouldn't wear the necklace?"

"I couldn't wear it, Clifford."

"Very well!"

He turned from her and walked away. The poor girl put out her hand to detain him, but it was too late; and, remembering the crowd around her, she crossed over and sat down beside her mother, struggling for strength to conceal her bitter anguish.

The young man paced the room for a moment or two with a hurried, impatient step; and then paused suddenly before his sister and Horace Kenilworth.

"Florence," he said, "I'm going away—you'll not think hard, will you?"

Her quick eyes had watched the little scene between him and Mary, and, without seeming to notice his agitation, she answered, calmly:

"No, Clifford; not if you wish to go."

"Mr. Kenilworth," he continued, turning to the young man, who had withdrawn at his approach, "will you do me the favor to drive my sister home at twelve o'clock, if I do not return for her?"

The schoolmaster started with surprise, glanced at Florence, and then said, politely:

"Certainly, with great pleasure, Mr. Kent; if your sister does not object."

"Beggars cannot be choosers, Mr. Kenilworth," laughed Florence, and without even an apology to the hostess, or an obeisance to the company, Clifford took his departure.

CHAPTER VI.

SOMETHING OF A FAILURE.

Thus suddenly and unexpectedly thrown together, the two young people were, for a few moments, painfully embarrassed. It was really a strange freak in Clifford to throw his sister so entirely on the schoolmaster's protection—but, hurt, wounded and disappointed, and only anxious to get away, he had acted upon the spur of the moment, and repented of his rashness as soon as the door had closed behind him.

Florence thought of a dozen things to say in excuse for her brother's conduct, but could not summon courage to utter a single one of them; she merely remained where he had left her, twirling the fastenings of her gloves in evident confusion. It was a rare thing to see her thus—calm, placid, self-possession was one of her strongest characteristics; even under the most trying circumstances, she always maintained her equanimity. But now she was wholly at a loss.

The schoolmaster saw it; and somehow her timid attitude and blushing face roused all the bold, chivalrous manhood within him; and it lay pure and deep under all the outer crust of shy reserve. He was a Kenilworth one and out—not a graft, but a real scion of the old stock—and the true Kenilworths had been noted, time out of mind, for their noble bearing towards woman. They were knights by nature, ready to brave any danger, even death itself, for the sake of their chosen fair ones.

All the latent spirit of his ancestors brightened the young man's face as he lifted her fluttering hand to his arm, and, with a graceful mingling of manly deference and brotherly tenderness, led her forward into the midst of the merry crowd, talking all the while in a fluent and diversified strain, that soon made her forget her embarrassment, herself, and everything else, save himself and the words he was uttering.

Poor, simple, little Florence; never before, in all her life, had she understood the true meaning of protection. She felt it then in all its thrilling power; and with it, an almost blissful consciousness of her own dependence. She was willing to be weak and frail—she would even have accepted suffering and sorrow, if she might look to him for support and comfort; and perhaps his feelings were not greatly dissimilar. At any rate such contact was becoming exceedingly dangerous for them both, and would have given the old farmer many a serious foreboding could he have beheld it.

At a late hour, just as the guests were on the point of following Miss Tabby to the supper-room, the Attorney made his appearance. Faultlessly dressed, and as smiling as a summer morning, he passed up the room, shaking hands and dispensing pleasant speeches right and left. Only once did his face darken, and that was when he came to Florence leaning on the schoolmaster's arm. But the shadow was gone again in an instant—he greeted them very blandly, expressed his delight at seeing them, and proceeded to where Miss Tabby stood, visibly flustered by his sudden arrival.

He hoped she would pardon his delay—urgent business had detained him—indeed, justice to his affairs demanded his attention even then—but he could not find it in his heart to absent himself from such a pleasant company. What a char

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, September 17, 1862.

THE PROSPECT.

It is worthy of remark and consideration how often in history the issue of a campaign has been the reverse of the fate of most of the battles connected with it. War tests endurance more than any other quality, and a single reverse at last will mar the effect of a whole line of victories. Whatever reverses our troops may seem to have met with under Pope, at Centreville, they are nothing to what Wellington experienced in the Spanish campaign, where he laid the foundations of his fame afterwards. Indeed, his retreat to the impregnable lines of Torres Vedras, after his brilliant successes at first, led to many dark forebodings that a fate like that of Sir John More awaited him. Yet, from that retreat, he soon and surely overwhelmed his foes and drove the French army out of Spain. A more remarkable instance still was that in which the Protestant armies, after bombarding the camp of Charles V, were dejected and betrayed by Maurice, Duke of Saxony, and, seemingly, so entirely defeated, that only the terms still remained not quite settled, when the very same Maurice, dissatisfied with his share of consideration, turned against the Emperor, and at a single blow succeeded and secured the pacification of Passaw.

We see Parson Brownlow thinks that our officers, both civil and military, have been more anxious to feather their own nests and lay plans for their own preferment than seeking the conclusion of the war. We know not how this may be, but few enough of them have won to themselves how much honor thus far, though it may be that some have sought. At the present moment, all such self-seeking is little, if anything short of treason, and deserves the contempt of all good men. What we need, is men to serve the country, not to make either money or fame; but at a personal sacrifice of all, if needs be, and of life itself, for the best interests of the country. The rebels are in earnest, and their officers take commands not from the hope of gain or of fame, but to make their cause successful, and from that motive alone. This it is which has given them such force. Too many of our officers have schemed and sought their positions for the sake of a showy uniform, or a lucrative post, in which they could lay by a few of the greenbacks; and so long as they could loiter at Willard's or parade Pennsylvania Avenue, they have thought and felt little shame at leaving their men undisciplined and uncared for. Even after the news of the rebels crossing the upper Potomac had been authentically received in Washington on Saturday evening, many officers, intended and appointed for the defence of that very line, were said to be carousing in Washington.

In regard to the future, with proper courage and arrangements on our side, every step that the rebels advance must be an advance into a position of certain destruction. There leave an enemy in their rear both at Washington and at Baltimore, and every step they go takes them further from their base. So far they have always had a friendly population on all sides of them, willing and able to communicate all our movements as fast as they occurred, while we have had to feel our way in the dark into a hostile country, where every weak and unguarded spot was certain to be instantly detected and taken advantage of. But now all this will be reversed. The enemy will be surrounded with a hostile population, each movement will be known, and if with the forces in their rear and these accumulating in front they are not harassed, defeated and destroyed, the fault will be our own, or rather that of those gay officers whose uniforms have been so showy and whose boots so neatly blacked at Willard's.

The Governor of this State has taken and is taking every precaution to be well posted up in point of information, and to concentrate troops at the best points for the defence of this State. Volunteer companies and militia drafts cannot, however, be too quick in reporting themselves to Governor Curtin from every part of the State, and if sufficient arms are not at present in the depots at Philadelphia and Harrisburg, it may be desirable that all private supplies should be placed at the disposal of the State. The best security against invasion is to be prepared for it.

A MILITARY EDUCATION.

When we want troops, two or three months have to be lost in drilling them, and on this account even in times of peace, militia or volunteer drills have to be kept up at immense cost in many States. We venture to suggest, that most of this work might be accomplished in the course of education, were the State Legislatures carefully to encourage it. In the city public shools a good drill sergeant might be appointed to go round, and at certain hours drill all the boys over a certain age, so far as the drill could carry the small companies thus assembled.

In colleges, assistance by the Legislature should be made conditional upon a certain specified amount of military training being accomplished, and certain works introduced as text books, target exercise under certain regulations and a proper officer, should be encouraged, and the broad-sword exe cise taught.

Probably the most difficult part of a military education for Northern men to equal the South, will ever be the riding for cavalry service. It is here that the habits of the plantation life are so much more favorable than our Northern custom of riding in buggies. It is a penalty we pay for our good roads. In the South, every boy learns both to ride and to shoot inevitably and almost instinctively. It must, however, be remembered, that in France, out of seven hundred thousand soldiers only about one hundred thousand are cavalry. With us this arm of the service ought to be composed of selected men mostly from the West, where the roads are bad, and the youth has been spent in horseback riding. Our volunteer cavalry has thus far proved a failure when brought in contact with that of the South, both because of the imperfect management of a horse, and because especially all our horses are unused to stand quietly under fire. A charge of cavalry under such circumstances, must prove as damaging to those who make it as to the enemy.

But the point we wish to suggest is this. The education of the rank and file of an army of infantry consists essentially of three parts, the drill, the target practice, including the entire work of cleaning, loading and firing with uniformity and precision, and the broad sword and bayonet exercises. The elements of all these exercises can be taught the youth of the entire country while young, at comparatively little expense, compared with keeping out men in militia exercises. In England it is, or used to be, the custom in some of the higher schools for some decayed officer of the army to attend twice a week and put the whole school through the drill, teaching them to keep step, to walk in slow and quick time with the precision of soldiers. They march and countermarch, open and close ranks, run and practice the double quick, until no army could do better. A drill for an hour and a half, twice a week, is found amply sufficient to do this. It is found to give them the carriage of men, to improve them in health, strength and spirits, and to lead many to cultivate for themselves a more perfect knowledge of military manœuvres. In colleges, with us especially, the exercise is needed for health. Indeed the greatest objection to our college system is, that it is too exclusively an intellectual development, without sufficient physical and moral training. No man ought to be considered as thoroughly educated who has not learned at least the elements of those exercises which are fitted to form a good soldier, if the time of need come.

The events of the last few months have showed us that we must either keep a large standing army for some generations, at an enormous cost, or we must educate the entire youth of the country so as to be ready for any emergency. Youth is the time to learn, and the consciousness of knowing thoroughly the drill, the sword exercise, and the use of the rifle, will give any young man that self reliance in emergency, which is the best safe-guard and source of success in hours of real danger. We need a simple, but effectual system of state education for our youth, for proficiency in which they may receive certificates that may save them from so much militia drill in after life as would otherwise be necessary.

A "JOB" FRUSTRATED.—One of the acts of the Committee on Property in the late Board of School Controllers was to enter into contracts for painting a number of school-houses, which would have used up the whole appropriation for the year. The prices agreed upon for painting four school-houses was $1,010, but as the minute book of the Committee showed no evidence of the contracts having been legally entered into, the new Board resolved to annul them, and on inviting proposals, the same work was agreed to be done for the sum of $500, or less than one-half the amount the old Committee had agreed to give. This transaction proves that the citizens did not get rid of the old Board a moment too soon, and it affords a strong presumption that the charges made against it and generally credited were well founded.

POPE'S ARMY.—Pope's army was generally supposed to be about one hundred thousand men in the late fight, but the official report shows that it was only 32,000 strong when it advanced to Gordonsville, and with McDowell's corps make only 40,000, and in the battle of Manassas it is stated to have been 60,000. The rebels acknowledge that they had 60,000 men in the field. The fight, therefore, was more equal than supposed, and though Pope was compelled to withdraw, we do not think that the Union army has anything to reproach itself for in this battle. The losses, as to the forces, were about equally balanced. The rebels intended to crush Pope. They succeeded in forcing one wing, but the following Monday, Kearney and Stevens decisively repulsed one of their divisions.

OMINOUS.—Nine mortar boats are lying opposite Baltimore, under command of Com. Porter. The prospect must be anything but gratifying to the seceeh of that city.

A UNITED NORTH.

One of the dangers of the recent reverses of our arms near Washington, is the tendency of every man to find fault, and to carry his fault-finding to such a degree as may tend not only to depress from action, but lead to the most disunited and distracting action. We see, for instance, that there was recently a meeting of four of the Governors of New England States, in Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Rhode Island, with a delegation of the New York National War Committee. That is, we believe, the same committee who talked of raising a special force of fifty thousand men, to be under the command of General Fremont.

That these Governors, or any of the States represented intended anything disloyal or disuniting we have not the least idea. But there is a clause in the Constitution which expressly prohibits anything of this kind, and we think the prohibition eminently wise. It certainly is one by which each Governor of a State should remember that he is solemnly and by oath bound. "No State shall, without the consent of Congress, enter into any agreement or compact with another State." All that has transpired may not have gone so far yet as to amount to an agreement between the States so represented. But the sectional combination of States or their Governors is always undesirable, especially at a time like this, and above all dangerous, when it relates to putting an army into the field, with any reserve as to who shall be the commander, or the terms on which it shall serve.

The President is by the Constitution the Commander-in-Chief of the armies of the United States, and ought to be fully and heartily supported at a time like this in the discharge of his arduous duties. Thus far the entire North has risen above all party in the support of the President and the Constitution. Democrats and Republicans have fought side by side, and the troops of the Eastern States, as well as the Middle and Western, have mingled in the same battles and been commanded by the same Generals. Officers of every rank and grade have been selected equally and impartially from every loyal section of the Union. No fault or rumor has ever been found in this respect that we are aware of. New England certainly has had no occasion to complain that her sons were not appreciated.

Nor is there any complaint of anything in which the President is supposed to have exceeded or abused his Constitutional powers in appointing or removing Generals. He has had an arduous task, and though others would have acted differently none doubt that he has acted honestly, and with broader opportunities of knowing what was politic than any persons viewing matters in the light and prepossessions of a single section could possibly have done. But in a time of reverse every thing has a strong tendency to fly apart in a Government like ours. When fifty years ago and more Coleridge predicted the separation of the States into three or four separate nations, we laughed at his prophecy. But the combination of Governors in sections especially to unite their forces so that they might no longer act in an unqualified obedience to the orders of the President as Commander-in-Chief, would be the first step to separate action most dangerous to the union of the whole. It was by such steps unchecked that the South began.

At a time like this we need a united North, and a strict adherence to the principles of the Constitution without reservation or conditions. An army of fifty thousand men, drawn from one section alone of the Union, ready to fight only on conditions, and to support certain principles, might prove, unintentionally, a most serious impediment to the great object of the war, the restoration of the Union. The President has not departed from the Constitution, but all who oppose him do.

EFFECTS OF GARIBALDI'S FALL.

The capture of Garibaldi, though the end of him probably as a political agitator, is by no means certain to put an end to the danger of European complications. Napoleon will, without doubt, perceive in it only the means of acquiring new power and influence in Italy, while England may make that a reason for taking part in Italian affairs. Austria, too, is jealous of France. So far as Garribaldi personally is concerned he is one of those few brave and honest men which times of great political agitation have raised up in that distracted country. If he had had less doggedness, amounting at times to a blind obstinacy, he never would have been able to surmount the flatteries and frowns that have alternately been brought to bear upon him, to swerve him from the path of duty. If less rash in encountering immense odds, he would never have had the courage to create the occasions for the many glorious achievements that have distinguished his military life.

The great suspicion that has enabled his enemies to overthrow him at last has been the fear that he leaned towards that red republicanism which would disturb the rights of property on communistic principles. Never was anything more false. He had lived in this country, supported himself by his own labors in a neighboring city, and had, beyond doubt, himself American feelings as well as to the rights of property as in regard to personal independence and liberty. While, however, he was thus honest, sincere and disinterested in his own views, many were associated with him, and ready to rise up in his behalf, whose aims were very different, and whose plans extended to an attack on the moderate and conservative government of Victor Emmanuel, because that government has not favored communism. It is the dread of the rise of such men to power that has enabled Louis Napoleon to insist successfully upon the putting down of Garibaldi, who, though honest, has shown himself rash and too credulous and hopeful beyond all reason to be fit for the control of important affairs. As a fighting general, he worked admirably; as an honest friend of liberty, all have loved him. But he was too ready, even in a good cause, for wisdom.

Defeat proves the immense price which society is willing to pay for the security of personal property. Napoleon is no doubt moved by the ambition of acquiring greater influence in Italian affairs. But Napoleon will now make the world believe that the Garibaldi rising was the entering wedge of a socialistic movement against order and the rights of property. It is the dread of this in France which keeps Louis Napoleon on his throne, and the madness of Garibaldi has favored this view. Liberty has ever more to fear from the excesses of its friends than from the opposition of its foes. The least tendency to anarchy and confusion, the least imbecility on the part of the friends of progress leading them to go too far, will make men willing to endure almost any amount of despotism rather than anarchical relaxation. All the worst despotisms have thus originated. It was the confusion of 1848 in the Paris workshops that made Napoleon a political necessity to France. That his interference is really a political necessity to Italy we have no idea. England, which is a power even more jealous of the rights of property than France, has ever been rather favorable to Garibaldi, because she understands his motives better, and has more faith in a Government like that of Victor Emmanuel, in its ability to cope with his mistakes, yet take advantage of his victories.

There is little doubt, that not only multitudes of Italians, but the Italian Government, in heart, favored the movements of Garibaldi, so far and so long as they could do so without quarreling with Louis Napoleon. Should the French Government now itself take the initiative in putting an end to the anomalous state of things in Europe, by arranging satisfactorily the government of the Eternal City, Garibaldi may yet gain a greater moral victory by being defeated, than if he had gained all before his face, but left France and Austria both bristling with jealousy in his rear. If France makes no concessions now, but grasps the whole power, physical and moral, of the new position of things, it remains to be seen whether the peace of Europe can be preserved. The liberty of Italy will then be gone.

GEN. POPE IN LANCASTER.

General Pope was at Lancaster on Monday night, last week. He was heartily cheered, and in response said:

Citizens of Lancaster:—I thank you for your kind reception, and regret that I have no cheering news to tell you; but I still live in hope that Pennsylvania will not be invaded. The troops under my command fought well, and among them none fought better than the Pennsylvanians. We did all that men could do, but we were not supported by the Government as we should have been.

The following from the Journal of Commerce, in correction of an allegation recently put into currency against Gen. McClellan, corresponds, the National Intelligencer says, with information in its possession:

"We have received numerous inquiries on the subject of the accusation that Gen. McClellan refused to forward supplies to Pope, and the recent appointment of the General to the high command he now holds seems not to have been sufficient to stop the circulation of the misstatement. We have the best authority for declaring the whole allegation untrue. Gen. McClellan had forwarded all his cavalry to Gen. Pope, even to his own body guard, and sent forward the supplies with an infantry escort, asking and expecting a cavalry escort to meet them. The whole foundation of the story was in the fact that the escort forward the request for this cavalry, although the supplies were actually in motion."

GENERAL POPE.—The editor of the New York Evangelist says: Commodore Foote, who was associated with Gen. Pope on the Mississippi, described Gen Pope to him, a few weeks ago, by saying, "He is a good man for a dash." Give him ten thousand men to carry a certain position, and it is done promptly. He has courage, energy and enterprise, and, in a smaller field, was remarkably successful; but, on a large theatre of action, entrusted with the command of a hundred thousand men, he is out of his place, and nothing but failure could be expected.

This is the opinion the Richmond papers expressed of Pope at the time of his appointment, an opinion which they said was derived from rebel officers who had been his associates in the army.

THE MILITIA which was sent from different parts of Ohio for the defence of Cincinnati have been ordered home. The Cincinnati troops who were in Kentucky have returned to Cincinnati.

WAR ITEMS OF THE WEEK.

It is a rare thing for a country to lose in one day two Major-Generals of such ability and distinction as Kearney and Stevens. They were about the same age—they entered the army nearly at the same time—they served together in the Mexican war, they were badly wounded there almost at the same time—and they gave up their lives for their country on the same evening. *Requiescat in pace.*

The Department of the Northwest, to which General Pope has been assigned, includes the States of Wisconsin, Iowa and Minnesota, and the Territories of Nebraska and Dakota, with the troops raising and to be raised therein under his command. His headquarters are at St. Paul, Minn.

A foraging party from Cumberland Gap encountered a party of rebels seven miles from that place on Thursday last, when a sharp skirmish ensued. The enemy was repulsed with considerable loss.

Hon. Alexander K. McClure, chairman of the "People's State Committee" of Pennsylvania, has been appointed Assistant Adjutant-General by the President, and assigned for special duty in that State.

Letters from the seat of war state that it will take a long time to repair the loss of our army in horses. On account of our supply trains having been cut off, hundreds of them died from starvation, and still more by the severe duty imposed upon them.

The rebel General Jackson and Longstreet are said to have quarrelled on the question of rank; but it was settled in favor of the former by General Lee, who commands the whole rebel force in person.

It is more and more becoming the opinion of all military men that if the plans of General McClellan had not been interfered with, the rebellion would long before now have been hopelessly crushed. As it is, we are incalculably worse off than when the crazy clamor against him began to take body and gather strength. What a terrible responsibility rests upon the purblind radical crew who dared to trifle with the nation!

Letters from ladies at the South, dated a month or two back, speak of the privations of even the more wealthy classes of that region, as of the most distressing character. Their luxuries are all gone, and the small amounts received by vessels running the blockade are but as the drop in the bucket. Ladies appear in the coarsest homespun cloth, while their husbands have been obliged to don the negro cloth, formerly devoted exclusively to their slaves. Shirts and the cloth to make them are growing scarcer and scarcer, as nearly the whole stock on hand had been sent away to the soldiers. Many have no sheets to their beds, and the only sugar they obtain is the settlings of molasses hogsheads. Tea has nearly disappeared, and salt is growing carcer every day.

Some of the incidents preceding the death of General Stevens are of touching interest. The army was retreating from Centreville. The battle was fought against a rebel force that had penetrated five miles nearer Washington than our rear and was moving to strike upon the flank. Gen. Stevens' division, the advance of Reno's corps, was on the left of the road taken by the trains, and intercepted the enemy. He saw the rebels must be beaten back at once, or during the night they would stampede the wagons, and probably so disconcert our retreat that the last divisions would fall a prey to their main force. He decided to attack immediately, at the same time sending back for support. Having made his dispositions, he led his attack on foot at the head of the 88th (Highlanders.) Soon meeting a withering fire, and the Color Sergeant, Sandy Campbell, a grizzled Scotchman, being wounded, they faltered. One of the color guard took up the flag, when the General snatched it from him. The wounded Highlander at his feet cried, "For God's sake, General, don't you take the colors; they'll shoot you if you do!" The answer was, "Give me the colors! If they don't follow now, they never will!" and he sprang forward, crying, "We are all Highlanders; fellow Highlanders; forward, my Highlanders!" The Highlanders did follow their Scottish chief, but while sweeping onward a ball struck him on his right temple. He died instantly. An hour afterwards, when human along the street the smell from them was most offensive. There are some of the finer class of men among them, but the great majority are men of lowest caste, and, although under strict discipline, the filth that pervades them is most remarkable. Their sympathizers at Frederick have been greatly disappointed in the character of the army, and most of them are now as anxious for them to disperse as they were for them to come. Their coming to Frederick has been a sad visitation to the middling classes, many of whom have lost everything in exchange for rebel scrip, especially the storekeepers. They have no uniforms, but are all well armed and equipped, and, because so inured to hardships that they care but little for any of the comforts of civilization.

Q. What was the general appearance of the rebel soldiers?

A. They were the roughest looking set of creatures I ever saw—their features, hair and clothing matted with dirt and filth, and the scratching they kept up gave warrant of vermin in abundance. The secession ladies of Frederick used to call the troops of Gen. Banks "nasty, dirty creatures," and the Unionists had adopted a species of slang to remind them of their old taunts. Whenever a Unionist met a secessionist on the street he would commence to scratch, which all understood.

Q. What do you think of the purpose of the rebel army?

A. They admit that their coming into Maryland was a question of starvation, or food. They were almost famished for food when they reached the Potomac, and say that for three day s they had lived principally on green corn and apples.

Q. What is their purpose now?

A. They are in full force, and undoubtedly proposed when they crossed the river to meet General Pope, and serve him as they did on the other side of the river, and capture Washington. But when they met with the reception McClellan was before them in full command they became more cautious in their movements.

Q. What is their opinion of Gen. McClellan?

A. They respect him and fear him. In fact, they laugh at Pope and McDowell, and say that they advanced on them with the fullest confidence of defeating them and destroying their army. Had they found Pope in command on the Maryland side they think they would have been in Washington in a few days.

Q. But what is their purpose now?

A. Well, when I left Frederick on Tuesday evening it was under the impression that they were about to leave, and I feared that they might desire to take me with them. I had mixed among them so much, and talked so freely that I feared they would think I knew too much to be left behind. There was every indication that they had become alarmed at the systematic movements of Gen. McClellan, and were looking well to secure a safe line of retreat back to Virginia. The starting of General Jackson with his immense division, estimated at from 15,000 to 20,000 men of all arms, down the Hagerstown, was looked upon the first indications of a backward movement. There were also evidences of trepidation among the troops, who began to think they were not on safe ground.

Q. Do you think they had any expectation of reaching Baltimore?

A. Not unless they had first succeeded in defeating McClellan and capturing Washington. They would never leave the line of the Potomac so long as General McClellan was at hand to move in their rear.

Q. Did the secessionists of Frederick give them the impression of welcome?

A. The great mass of the better classes of the sympathizers in Frederick have kept entirely aloof from them, and regret their presence. Those of no property and but little sense gave them a noisy welcome, and some of them will go back to Virginia with them—not to join the army, but to avoid the draft. A committee of secession citizens went out to welcome them, but most of them were soon ashamed of the course they had pursued. The secession storekeepers have lost their goods with others, and wear most dolorous countenances.

Q. Did Bradley Johnson ride around town with the American flag tied to his spurs?

A. I heard he did, but did not see it myself. I however frequently saw horsemen driving through the city with the American flag trailing in the dust after them. They took down all they could find, and thus dragged them after them to their camps.

Q. Was their language violent?

A. Yes, very violent against the Yankees. It was a common saying that they desired no better sport than to kill and quarter a Yankee. An officer speaking of a secession lady in this strain, said he would "kill, cut up, and fry a Yankee with as much pleasure as he would a chicken." A little pet negro of the lady, called Topsy, who was listening to this valiant speech with her eyes and mouth wide open, here put in the exclamation, "And, massa, would you eat him, too?"

Q. Have they driven any cattle across the river?

A. Well, I cannot say positively. They have driven a great deal of cattle through the town, some of them out in the direction of their camps, and some toward the fords. Of course, no one is permitted to go toward the fords. I have heard, however, that they have driven large quantities of cattle across.

Q. Do you think they intend to enter Pennsylvania?

A. Not unless they defeat the army of General McClellan, then of course they will be able to go where they choose. The movement of Jackson up towards Hagerstown, is with the intention of making raids into Pennsylvania, but if General Lee is driven from the line of the Monocacy by General McClellan, Jackson will hasten back into Virginia, by way of the ford at Williamsport. A heavy rain storm might also hurry their movement back across the river without making a fight.

Q. Do the rebel soldiers look to be in good health?

A. Yes, generally speaking. They are gaunt and hardened by exposure, though many of them were suffering from diarrhœa, on account of the food they had been eating.

Q. Did you meet many Baltimoreans among them?

A. No, not many. I questioned them with regard to the Maryland troops, and they generally answered that there was but few of them left. They had been in so many hard fights that they were either in their graves or in the hospitals. The Maryland regiments had been so diminished in numbers that they were disbanded. Those that are still in the service are adding as substitutes in the various regiments.

Q. Are there many Irish and Germans among them?

A. Yes, there is pretty much the same proportion of foreign element as in our army. They are not so bitter as the native born, but all boast of their prowess over the Yankees.

Q. Do they think that they are superior soldiers to the Union troops?

A. The men do, though the officers candidly admitted that our soldiers fought well, but that their Generals were not equal to those of the Southern Army. They said that their victories were obtained by out generalling our Generals. Both officers and men admitted that if General McClellan was out of the way they would soon be in Washington.

Q. Were there any church services at Frederick on Sunday last?

A. Yes, there were services in most of the churches, and some of the soldiery attended. At the Methodist Church, the Rev. Robert Cadman prayed most devoutly for the success of the Union army, and for the President of the United States and all in authority.

Q. What do you think of the Rebel cavalry?

A. They were quite numerous, but their horses presented a poor appearance. They bore the evidence of hard usage and scarcity of provender.

Q. How many leading Generals were in Frederick?

A. Generals Lee, Jackson and Longstreet were all there; Roger A. Pryor is there, and has all the appearance of an incarnate fiend. Bradley Johnson, as Provost Marshal, gave no offence to the Union men, and seemed desirous of securing their good opinion.

LATEST FROM FREDERICK

We yesterday met with a gentleman who was within sight of Frederick city on Wednesday, and returned by way of Union Bridge and Westminster. He witnessed the departure of Jackson's Division of the Rebel army from Frederick, and its movements along the Boonesboro' and Cavetown road towards Hagerstown. It consisted of cavalry, artillery and infantry, with ammunition wagons, and but few other vehicles.

The line could be traced across the mountains by the dense cloud of dust that rose in the distance, the line of march having been taken up about 3 o'clock in the morning. The number in the column was variously estimated at from 15,000 to 40,000. A portion of them came directly through Frederick, and the balance had previously been camped on the Emmittsburg road, for want of Frederick. The enemy had not advanced to Emmittsburg, nor had there been any pickets nearer Westminster than about five miles beyond Union bridge.

GALLANT AFFAIR AT POOLESVILLE WITH THE REBEL CAVALRY.

POOLESVILLE, Md., Tuesday, Sept. 9, 1862.—As previously stated, our cavalry occupied the town of Poolesville yesterday, but on the same night retired about two miles on the road to Dawsonsville, for the purpose of allowing the rebel cavalry to again enter the town, so that our own might have an opportunity of taking them prisoners. The ruse was successful, and at about 2 P. M. yesterday Companies A and B, of the 3d Indiana Cavalry, under the command of Major Chapman, followed by one section of Robinson's United States Battery, proceeded to re enter Poolesville, upon the main road leading from Rockville. When within a short distance of the town, it was discovered that a force of 200 rebel cavalry was drawn up in line of battle in an open field at the northern limits of the town, and a half a mile to the right of the buildings.

Major Robinson ordered the section of battery to be placed in position upon a slight eminence at the southern extremity of Poolesville, and from this point a few rounds of shell were thrown among the rebel troops. The position of the pieces was then changed, and they were advanced into the town and brought to bear from a point on the Barnesville road. By this time the rebels had commenced retreating. The rebels replied with one piece. The first shot fired by the rebels struck the rebel piece, but did not disable it. The second shot hit a horse, killing him instantly.

Companies A and B of the third Indiana cavalry subsequently charged upon the rebels, and after a brief, but sharp contest, succeeded in completely routing them. The contending parties had a hand to hand conflict, first with pistols, then with sabres. The rebels finally fled in a northwesterly direction. This skirmish lasted nearly two hours. During that time our two pieces fired nineteen rounds. The rebels had eight or ten killed and several wounded, besides a number of horses killed. The Unionists had one killed and several wounded, and eight or ten horses shot. They captured eighteen of the rebel cavalry. The following is a list of the Union killed and wounded, with the exception of three names, which I could not ascertain at the time:—Sergeant David A. Fallis, co. A, killed; Lieut. J. L. Ebin, co. A, wound is the back; F. D. Wood, co. A, hand; Wm Stephens, co. A, face; Sergeant H B Banta co. A, head head arm; Lieut. Lahue, co. B, badly; Lieut. B. Davis, co. B, leg; F. Rivers, co. B, slightly.

During the time our battery was firing from its first position, the inhabitants of Poolesville were greatly terror stricken, and many of the women took refuge in the cellars of their dwellings. The excitement was enhanced from the fact that some of the missiles passed directly over the houses.

The Eighth Illinois Cavalry, Col Farnsworth, took eight prisoners, including one Lieutenant and two Sergeants at Barnesville to day. They belong to the Twelfth Virginia Cavalry. Capt Farnsworth of Company K, Eighth Illinois Cavalry, captured the regimental flag of the Thirteenth Virginia Cavalry. It is blue and red and bordered with orange. It contains thirteen stars. The staff bears the sabre cut it received at the hands of Capt. Farnsworth. It is also said that the staff was formerly in the possession of the Unionists.

IMPORTANT FROM CINCINNATI.

The Rebels Retreating for Kentucky

THE STATE MILITIA RETURNING TO OHIO.

The Danger of Invasion Over.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 12, 8 P. M.—A deserted camp of the enemy was discovered three miles from Fort Mitchell, containing a quantity of provisions, turkeys, chickens and beef, recently killed, showing that their departure had been a hurried one. Five prisoners were taken, who said that rebel General Kirby Smith had intended the attack on Cincinnati, but heard that a large force of ours had landed at Parsons, thirty miles west, to take him in flank and rear, when he ordered a hurried retreat, which was commenced last night at nine o'clock.

CINCINNATI, Friday, Sept. 12—9 30 P. M.—The enemy is falling back. Several captures of the enemy's picket have been made, among give favorable accounts of the condition of their army. They report it largely reinforced, and that the men were anxious to be led forward.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 13.—The rebel army has fallen back beyond Florence. Some stragglers, taken by our scouts, say they had twenty thousand men. Others say only ten thousand advanced this side of Florence, under General Heath. Prisoners say the retreat was made because they heard of Buell's presence in Kentucky, and had not heard from Bragg. Our scouts, to a late hour, reported that the enemy was retreating in confusion.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 13.—Governor Tod has ordered home the militia sent here for the defence of the border. The Cincinnati troops returned to the city this afternoon, their services being no longer required in Kentucky. The force of regular troops there is sufficient for any emergency.

The streets are thronged with people to welcome them home.

The rebels are reported to be at Walton, 20 miles South.

It is reported to night that Charleston, Va., has been evacuated by our troops, who are falling back towards the Ohio.

LOUISVILLE, Sept. 13.—A gentleman from Frankfort, arrived here to day, says only 150 rebel cavalry were there. Most of the troops had moved in that direction from the town.

Reliable information has been received to the effect that Bragg is now at Tompkinsville.

Two deserters from Buckner's army says, Buckner was at Sparta, Tenn., on Sunday last, with 10,000 men. He was marching towards Kentucky.

Captain Morris, who has just returned from a scouting expedition, reports 500 of the rebel cavalry at New Castle. They captured the telegraph operator at Eminence, and threatened to hang him unless he gave them his instrument.

THE WAR IN WESTERN VIRGINIA.

A SUCCESSION OF SEVERE BATTLES—RETREAT OF THE UNION TROOPS FROM GAULEY.

GALLIPOLIS, Sept. 14.—On Wednesday, a column of the rebels about 5000, said to be under Gen. Loring, being the first notice that he was in the rear between Fayette and Gauley, made an attack on the 34th and 37th Ohio, under Col. Siber, only 1200 strong, encamped at Fayette. A desperate battle was fought, lasting until dark. Our forces cut their way through, reaching Gauley during the night, having lost 100 killed and wounded. In the meantime another column of the enemy approached Gauley bridge on the Lewisburg road, cutting off the 47th Ohio, two companies of the 9th Virginia, and one company of the 2d Virginia cavalry, who were at Summerville. Nothing has since been heard of them.

Under these circumstances, Colonel Lightburn's front and flank being threatened by an overwhelming force, he was compelled to evacuate Gauley, which was successfully done on the 11th, after destroying all the Government property he was unable to remove. He moved down the Kanawha in two columns, one each side of the river, reaching Camp Pratt on the afternoon of the 12th, skirmishing the whole way.

He massed his troops on the north bank of the Kanawha, but, being hard pressed, retreated during the night, reaching Elk river just below Charlestown. On the 12th he made another stand on the lower bank of the Elk river, where a desperate fight ensued, lasting from 10 in the morning till dark. Our forces shelled and burned Charleston, only two houses being left. The result of the fight is not known.

Nothing has been heard from Col. Lightburn since Saturday, at 6 o'clock, P. M. Up to that time our troops were holding their ground, and punishing the enemy severely.

It is understood that our forces destroyed all the salt works.

Col. Lightburn brought 600 loaded wagons safely to Elk river. The retreat to Elk river was conducted in good order. Great anxiety is felt for the safety of Col. Lightburn's command, as well as Point Pleasant and Gallipolis.

The militia are flocking here from this and the adjoining counties.

The rebel force is represented to be 10,000.

THE WAR IN KENTUCKY.

A BATTLE AT MUMFORDSVILLE—THE REBELS REPULSED.

LOUISVILLE, Sept. 14.—There was much excitement in the city this afternoon, in consequence of the news of a battle between our forces and the rebels at Mumfordsville.

ELIZABETHTOWN, Sept. 14.—The rebels under General Duncan attacked our forces at Green river, near Mumfordsville, about 3 o'clock this morning. The fight lasted till 11 o'clock, A. M. Our men fought bravely, firing the last shot. The rebels were repulsed with heavy loss.

The rebels sent in a flag of truce asking permission to bury their dead, which was granted. Col. Wilder, of the 17th Indiana, commanded the United States forces.

CANNONADING AT HARPER'S FERRY.

PURSUIT OF THE REBELS BEYOND FREDERICK.

Gen. McClellan's Reception at Frederick.

A SKIRMISH WITH STEWART'S CAVALRY.

One Hundred Rebel Wagons and 150 Prisoners Captured.

BALTIMORE, Sept. 14.—The information with regard to a rebel attack on the Northern Central road is unfounded.

There was cannonading in the direction of Harper's Ferry all day yesterday, ceasing at 4 o'clock P. M. The result has not been ascertained.

General Burnside passed through Frederick early on Saturday morning, and the whole army pushed on after the enemy by every road and even crossing the fields.

The people turned out to welcome Burnside with the utmost enthusiasm, including men, women and children, and when Gen. McClellan came, the people flocked up the streets so that it was difficult for him to reach his headquarters. The scene is described as most exciting—the people waving flags and handkerchiefs, and even the women screamed words of welcome at the top of their voices.

The advance guard entered Frederick on Friday evening at five o'clock, and had a skirmish in the streets with Stewart's cavalry. Several were killed and wounded on both sides, and Colonel Moore, of the Loyal Virginia cavalry, was captured by the rebels and carried off, but was afterwards rescued.

The rebels did not destroy either of the three turnpike bridges over the Monocacy, but left nothing but the piers standing of the splendid iron railroad bridge.

A rebel train of 100 ammunition and subsistence wagons was captured by Gen. Franklin, and about 150 rebel prisoners had been sent into Frederick.

The Occupation of Frederick.

450 REBEL SICK LEFT AT FREDERICK.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 14—The following was received this morning by a special messenger for the Associated Press.

FREDERICK, MD., Sept. 13.—Frederick is ours. The advance of our forces entered the east end of the town at 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon. Half an hour later, a cavalry force under the command of Gen Pleasanton entered the city by way of the Market street turnpike. The main body of the rebel forces evacuated the city on Thursday. A few cavalry from the command of Gen. Stewart, and the Hampton Legion, made a charge on our troops when the latter entered, but the enemy were speedily repulsed. Our loss was 2 killed and 6 wounded, whilst the rebels suffered at least to that extent.

The reception of our forces was of a most enthusiastic character. The entire population seemed overjoyed and the people turned out *en masse* to welcome our forces. All along the streets through which our forces passed, flags were waived from housetops and windows and the sidewalks were filled with spectators, including a full representation of ladies.

The rebel forces are represented to be about 125,000 strong. The citizens of Frederick have suffered much from the rebel incursion, including the loss of domestic supplies. The enemy were in a starving condition, many of them being without shoes. They confidently expected that at least 50,000 men would flock to them in Frederick county.

Jackson was here, together with Longstreet and Hill. They left Frederick with the intention, as reported, of going to Pennsylvania, but subsequent events seem to indicate that they will endeavor to retreat into Virginia, by the way of Williamsport.

This morning an engagement is going on at the foot of the mountains, on the road to Sandy Hook, the Rebels consisting of 2000 cavalry and three batteries.

A portion of the enemy went to Hagerstown, while Jackson took the left-hand road towards Harper's Ferry.

The Rebels left 450 of their sick in Frederick. About forty prisoners were taken last night and this morning, between this city and the mountains.

CANNONADING HEARD—SUPPOSED BATTLE BETWEEN GEN. M'CLELLAN'S ARMY AND THE REBELS.

HARRISBURG, Sept. 14.—Heavy cannonading has been heard distinctly at Hanover to day, supposed to be a portion of Gen. McClellan's army engaged with the rebels south of that point. This cannonading has also been heard at Greencastle and Chambersburg.

MUCH IN LITTLE.

IRONCLAD MONITORS.—Mr. Redstone, of Indianapolis, says he proposes to build for Government nine "Land Monitors," or "Engines of War," to cost $900 apiece, to weigh 1800 pounds each, 25 horse engine and all, with coal, water, ammunition, knives, &c., included in the above weight; each to be handled by two men; to discharge from each 10,000 shots in half an hour; to be capable of running twenty miles an hour over any grade less than 45 degrees; to be perfectly manageable in turning, climbing or descending; to clear more obstructions from artillery roads than 500 men; to reap the rebels clean by divisions; to resist canister, grape and all small shot; to engineer the advance car myself; to risk all the Government can risk—my life—each man in the nation can only do this. I also propose to furnish use of patterns of the engine, free of cost, on our plan. Now, if any doubt my ability to accomplish the above, I refer them to what I have accomplished in mechanical invention. If any doubt my sincerity, I only answer I have two deep sympathy for the cause of my country to propose anything I am not willing to execute."

SINGULAR INCIDENT.—*An Old Man Arrests his Son and Three Others for Attempting to Join the Rebels.*—Elias Redman, William Bent, Samuel Newton and Walker H. Heniey, young men between seventeen and nineteen years of age, residing about nine miles from the city on the Bellefontaine road, yesterday morning set out in company to join Price. They were shortly overtaken and made prisoners by the father of one of them—John Henley! Mr. H is a venerable and sturdy farmer, highly intelligent and an energetic Union man. He lost no time in bringing the young men to St. Louis, and consigning them to the care of the Provost Marshal General of the Division. The officer promptly sent them to Gratiot's prison. Mr. H seemed deeply affected by the recent event that had dictated his course, and especially mortified by the conduct of his son. It is to be hoped that the latter will hereafter emulate the patriotism of his noble father.—*St. Louis Dem., 6th*

THE COOS REPUBLICAN says: "Franklin Hicks, a former resident of Marshall, Va., moved from there into Lancaster one day last week. After that, he duly enlisted into the New Hampshire Fifth, and was sworn in as a U. S. soldier. In this capacity, supposing himself secure, he went to Guildhall to transact business, when he was forcibly arrested by Mr. H. W. Bell

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, September 17, 1862.

TERMS

Of Subscription to the Dollar Newspaper,

PAYABLE INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE:

To Single Subscribers, one year..... $1 00
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ADVERTISEMENTS

Inserted at Twenty-five Cents a line, each insertion.

TO READERS AND WRITERS.

"DEJECTION," by U. H. G., we have filed for early publication.

"LIFE ON THE BORDER," a sketch, has been received, and will be disposed of according to its merits. If worthy, it will appear—if not, it will be passed.

"WHERE I WOULD HAVE MY HOME," was not originally written for the "Dollar Newspaper," and we cannot so announce it.

MORALITY.

There is nothing which all history so abundantly shows, as the stability of moral laws. These are the secret, but the most true causes of the rise and of the fall of individuals and of nations equally. But there is a seeming exception that has been allowed to throw much confusion upon this subject. The objector says "physical and intellectual laws are both more immediately operative on individual and national affairs, and these moral laws are not going to supersede the other." A man's happiness and his power of endurance and success, in almost any pursuit in life will depend very largely upon his *physical* health and energy. He who eats and exercises and sleeps heartily and soundly, accumulates through the food he eats a certain amount of vital force which will of itself be a very powerful element of success, and will carry a man through many a difficulty by the simple power of endurance, where a feebler man will fail. He will be more apt to take healthy views of all subjects, and be hopeful and bold where a feeble man will be narrow, timid and desponding.

The same is true on a more silent but larger scale of Intellectual vigor. It is not mere force but the direction in which that force operates, that determines its efficient power. The explosion of sufficient gunpowder to charge a rifle will hardly produce any sensible effect on the atmosphere a yard off, because equally diffused. But let that force all be concentrated in one particular direction, as in the tube of a gun, and it will produce death. Let the gases be all so confined as to operate upon the ball alone, as in the Minie rifle, and it will carry a mile, simply on the ground of the concentration and *precise direction* given to the force of this thimble-full of powder. It is just so that the intellect operates upon and by concentrating in effort, multiplies the operative power of man. The mere physical man operates without precision, and spends his huge strength in hurtful excesses, in the madness of passion, or in misdirected efforts. But the educated man knows how precisely to direct all the vital forces and energy of which he is poeessed with as much accuracy and superiority over other men, as the rifleman in shooting at a distance, over one armed with a shot gun or a blunderbus, or as a David with his sling and stone over a Goliah encumbered with his armor, and whose force was expended in carrying a spear whose weight was as a weaver's beam. If a strong man were to "carry" all day in bags, as much as he could carry at a time, the intellectual man would do a far larger amount of the same business in half an hour on the Egchange, or if a thousand miles off, by a few taps on the telegraph wires. But it would be, not because intellectual laws contravene physical, but give them direction, concentration and precision. What then is now left to be desired? What *moral purpose* to give the same kind of unity and direction to the entire *intellectual* powers of man, that the intellectual exercise over the physical. It is the will or purpose that gives end and aim and concentration to all a man's thoughts, plans and ideas, and in proportion as these purposes and desires of a man are in accordance with the great purposes of his being—the will of the Creator, which is the law of his creation—that so far his efforts will be wisely directed, his plans successful, his *force* boundless, because it will be able to concentrate not only his own will, but all the resources of his intellect, to aid, concentrate and direct his physical energy, and not this alone, but thus to subsidize all the forces of nature. A high moral purpose, then, will insure the best culture of the intellectual and physical powers that the individual knows, a universal power over nature.

Where the purpose is evil, there must be always a concentration of intellectual resources and of the forces of nature *inferior* to what would be possible in a true and righteous purpose, a purpose that is in accordance with the laws of our being. Now it is this inferiority or superiority of the purpose and wills of millions that forms the basis of national strength or weakness in the history of a people. Real moral purpose will guide a nation to seek all those elements of physical and intellectual power in which they may be defective, with that combination which best insures durable success. Moral power must, therefore, never be relied upon to supercede the use of all the intellectual and physical powers, but to operate through them, and it is in this combination, as in the perfect idea of man, that the stability and absolute supremacy of moral laws exhibit themselves. Every wrong and every lie is a weakness and every truth a strength, and the balance of right or wrong in the purposes of a nation, is the true balance of trade, the index of its strength or weakness.

THE PRESENT CRISIS.

It is worse than useless to shut our eyes to the changed position of national affairs. At the beginning of May it was confidently predicted that the rebellion would be effectually wiped out before the end of that month or the beginning of June. Nor would many of the people of the South then have been sorry if it had. They looked forward at that time to the re-establishment of the United States authority to deliver them from oppressions on the part of the rebel government, which they deemed unendurable. By compelling every man under thirty-five to fall into the ranks and making matters worse for the individual, they have made it better for their cause. Now the entire South is a unit in favor of secession. Those who have lost brothers or other relatives and friends fighting in the rebel ranks, feel pledged in honor to the rebel government, so that there is not a family but what has become changed in position, and an enemy for life to the continuance of the Union. The correspondence of some of the ladies in New Orleans with Gen. Butler acknowledged the change produced by these causes in particular instances, and everything shows that the change has now become universal in the South.

Had sufficient troops been raised and sent on rapidly to our Generals in the field, as they easily could have been, a very few more regiments would have turned the scale and the aspect been materially changed. But when enlistments were all suspended, the country was told publicly that more men were not needed, and ambitious Generals were divided in counsel and counteracting each other's plans, time was lost, the enemy gained fresh courage, and no one can now foretell what will be the extent to which their ravages will proceed, if not immediately checked and surrounded.

The first great duty of all at this time is to sustain a united North. Reverses often disunite the best friends by each blaming the other. Generals find fault with Generals, and troops rebel against their leaders. Political partisans revive old issues and make new ones. All agree in blaming the unfortunate, until a universal spirit of distrust is engendered, and the Government is left powerless by the want of faith reposed in it. It was thus that in the first French Revolution the Directory failed. In revolutionary times like these, the Government must be rendered strong by the cordial co-operation of all hearts and hands. It may not go so far as some would desire, and further than many would think best, but those who are at the head of affairs must be trusted and obeyed, because they have opportunities of seeing further as to what is wisest than any individual out of the Cabinet can possibly have, and because they are legally placed in the situation in which they are called upon to decide and guide our action.

At the same time it is equally clear that the people must be trusted. If there has been any mistake thus far it has been just at this point. The Government has carried concealment of its plans to such an extent as to allow all sorts of rumors to have currency uncontradicted, because there have been no authentic bulletins to assure the people that the work was known and provided against. There is a time when silence is dignified and proper, and the workings of an enemy and his lies may be thus best refuted. But silence and the suppression of information, with an enemy at the gates, will give rise to depressing whispers and disparaging shrugs, to disorganization and despondency. We ought at least to have bulletins from the Government daily.

THE REPORTED DEFEAT OF GENERAL ROSECRANS AT TUPELO, which came by telegraph from Memphis, on the 6th inst., is undoubtedly a falsehood. A letter from his camp, at Iuka, Miss., dated the 5th, speaks of the army still being there in good condition, receiving strong reinforcements in men and artillery and waiting for the enemy. The report by way of Memphis said Rosecrans made the assault at Tupelo, and the report to be true would have required this to have been done before the 5th inst. Memphis, like Cairo, is a bad source for correct news.

THE REBEL INVASION.

Accounts from Maryland and our border are still uncertain and somewhat contradictory. The most we can infer from the reports which reach us through news correspondents by telegraph, is that the town of Frederick has been evacuated by the rebel troops on the advance of General McClellan. Some skirmishing ensued and some few of the rebels were captured, with about one hundred wagons. The whole force of Gen. McClellan pushed after the retreating army by various roads on Saturday. This seems to have been the main body of the rebels. How strong they were does not appear. One column seems to have gone off in the direction of Hagerstown, reaching that town on the 11th inst. Their appearance at that place startled the people of Greencastle, Pa., about ten or fifteen miles above, but there is nothing to warrant the belief that the rebels advanced any further north than Hagerstown, or that they have yet been in Pennsylvania.

A division of the rebel army, on Thursday last, reported to be 15,000 strong, crossed the Potomac into Virginia at Williamsport, some few miles southwest of Hagerstown, and firing was heard on Friday in the direction of Harper's Ferry, from which it is inferred that the Union troops at that place were attacked by them, but nothing certain is known as yet of the fact.

If these various reports be correct, it would appear that the whole rebel army in Maryland is retreating westward before McClellan's army, who is so close upon their rear that if their intention is to recross the Potomac at Williamsport, they will scarcely be able to effect their purpose without a fight. It does not seem probable, under the circumstances, nor from the known facts, that they have any present intention to advance into Pennsylvania. If they fly before McClellan, it must be either to obtain a more advantageous position for battle if they are strong enough, or to retreat from a force they believe to be superior in strength, and which it would be unwise to meet this side of the Potomac.

If they are forced to battle and are beaten, there is an end to any further expectation of an invasion of this State. But if they should beat our army, they would not hesitate a moment to spread their columns over every available portion of the State which they could plunder, or where there were railroads to destroy, to cripple our future operations. It is wise, therefore, in Governor Curtin calling together a large force at Harrisburg. This would be the only barrier of security to our State in the event of disaster to our army in Maryland. Crippled as even a successful battle would leave the rebels, they might hesitate to advance against 50,000 fresh troops favorably placed for defence, with four times that number of available men in the State to call upon to strengthen them if occasion required their assistance to defend the State from invasion. As a measure of precaution, therefore, the assembling of a large body of armed men at Harrisburg is a wise one. It takes no strength from the regular force of the Union army under McClellan, and it may possibly co-operate with him in a speedy overthrow of the rebellion. In any event it is proper for the State to be able to protect itself, and this can only be done by arming and disciplining the militia, as the Governor is now doing.

THE GOVERNOR HAS CALLED

Upon every able-bodied citizen in the State to organize and hold himself in readiness to answer his call for the defence of the State, if invaded. This is but a proper precaution. There is no evidence at this time that the State is actually invaded, but as there is a large force of rebels upon the border, it is not improbable that they may try a dash into our State, to clear the farms of their stock and produce, very much needed by the destitute soldiers of Lee's army. It is the duty of every capable citizen of the State to lend his aid in defending every portion of it from invasion, and the Governor would be derelict to his duty if he did not use the whole resources of the State to protect the humblest of its citizens from wrong and outrage. The call of the Governor is only for organization at present, and as organization and drill are necessary to make a militia force of any efficiency, even for the protection of their own homes, the citizens everywhere should devote a certain portion of the day or night in perfecting themselves in the movements which are necessary to troops acting in the field together. This can be done without any great tax upon time. The citizens of the various wards, or precincts, can meet nightly, at some place within their respective districts, carrying with them such arms as they may have at hand. Men with the necessary military skill for training them may be found among themselves; or, if not, the General Government could send drill-masters enough to give the necessary training. Many of the convalescent soldiers or officers not on duty could impart this primary instruction. When the squads and companies are sufficiently drilled, they may be organized into battalions and regiments, and receive, several afternoons or evening of the week, further instruction in regimental movements. All this would be available and valuable instruction, in the event of a necessity arising for the calling out the militia for home protection. In one month sufficient knowledge could be acquired, that the whole of the able bodied portion of the male inhabitants of Philadelphia could be taken into the field for service, if it were required, with the assurance that they would be able to perform their duty, in defending their homes. Without this instruction even the vast population of Philadelphia could not make an efficient defence of their own firesides. We trust the Governor's suggestion will find every citizen ready to acquire the knowledge which some day may be the preservation of his home. The time devoted to ten-pins, billiards, yachting, ward politics, and other pastimes, or supposed public duties, would enable every man to receive sufficient military instruction for all practical uses and not interfere a great deal with any of his social habits.

CITY COUNCILS AND THE WAR.

The *City Councils*, on Thursday, held a most important meeting. A message relative to the defences of the city was received by the Mayor. The President laid before the Chamber a communication from the commissioned officers of the Home Guards, urging upon Councils to give the organization a war footing, and furnish it with camp and personal equipments. Resolutions were adopted recommending citizens to form themselves into companies for drill, as recommended by the Governor in his proclamation of the 4th and 10th instant; also, to close all places of business (except where Government work is being done) at 3 o'clock each day, in order to allow time for drilling; also, requesting the Mayor to designate three persons for each election division to provide for the organization of companies. An ordinance was passed establishing "A commission in aid of the authorities of the State for the defence and protection of the city." It abolishes the existing ordinance under which the Committee of Defence and Protection is organized. A resolution relative to the memory of the late Brig. General Henry Bohlen was adopted. The following bills from the Common Council were concurred in: bill for the extension of the water works; bill appropriating $300,000 for the relief of volunteers' families. A despatch from Thomas A. Scott, Esq., of the Pennsylvania railroad, dated Hagerstown, Md., was read, stating that the rebels were 40,000 strong in Maryland, with forty-eight pieces of artillery, and were about to march up the Cumberland valley. In the *Common Council* resolutions from the Select Council, recommending the closing of places of business at 3 P. M., the organization of companies and brigades, and for the appointment of ward committees to superintend the organization, was agreed to. A resolution appropriating the sum of $100,000 for the relief of the families of volunteers now in the service of the government, and who are citizens of Philadelphia, was passed. A bill to authorize a loan of $300,000 for the purpose of relieving the families of volunteers, and a bill to authorize a loan of $500,000 to aid the enlistment of volunteers, were passed.

Pursuant to the call of the Mayor, the City Councils held a special meeting on Friday. A message from the Mayor was received urging the necessity of immediate action by the Councils for the protection and defence of the city. An ordinance was passed giving the Mayor, in conjunction with the Committee on Defence and Protection, full power to do everything which may be deemed necessary in the present emergency; also appropriating $500,000 to pay all expenses which may be incurred in the discharge of said duties.

PENNSYLVANIA CONGRESSIONAL NOMINATIONS.—General George M. Steinman has been nominated for Congress by the Democrats of Lancaster, and Thaddeus Stevens by the opposition. Wm. Stewart has been nominated by the Union men in Covode's District, the 21st, and John L. Dawson by the Democrats. J. K. Moorehead has been nominated by the Union party in the 22d; George P. Hamilton the Democratic candidate. John W. Wallace, Union, and John Lazear, Democrats, are candidates in the 24th. Sydenham E. Ancona, Democrat, of the Seventh, has been again nominated. A. J. Glossbrenner, formerly Sergeant-at-Arms, has been nominated for Congress by the Democrats of York county, Pa.

☞ Jeff. Davis has issued a proclamation setting apart Thursday, the 18th inst., as a day of Thanksgiving for the triumph of the rebels at Richmond and Manassas.

ADVICE TO SOLDIERS.—"Every soldier should keep in his knapsack a card, upon which should be plainly inscribed his full name and address, with his company and regiment. Last week two cases occurred in which soldiers were brought here from the battle field—one ill and the other wounded—both too low to ascertain those particulars from them. They died, and the hospital authorities were deprived of the opportunity of apprising distant relatives or friends of their decease. In another instance—a fine lad killed in battle—all hope of tracing his relatives was gone, when, by mere accident, a little Bible, presented to him by his mother, was found beneath the cloth lining of his old coat. That little volume disclosed the name of the boy."

LITERARY RECORD.

Like and Unlike. By A. S. Roe. New York: Carleton: Philadelphia; Petersons.

This handsomely bound novel is by the author of "A Long Look Ahead," and "True to the Last." The materials of his fictions are mainly drawn from the experience of reality. They are healthy, sterling books. "Like and Unlike" is among the best of Mr. Roe's productions It is one of those natural, domestic stories which appeal directly to the heart; and, while it involves all the charms of a dramatic narrative, it has the further merit of conveying instruction as to conduct in life. The sudden touches of pathos and illustration of generous feeling which often startle the reader in the progress of the quiet story, constantly keep curiosity alive.

Les Miserables. By Victor Hugo. New York: Carleton. Philadelphia: Petersons.

The circumstances attending the publication of this remarkable book would furnish a unique chapter for D'Israeli's "Curiosities of Literature." The author's previous novel, "Notre Dame de Paris," was accepted by its publisher on the condition that he should have the exclusive right to bring out all that Victor Hugo might afterwards produce. Contrary to expectation, "Notre Dame de Paris" made the fortune of—*the publisher*. When Victor Hugo had completed "Les Miserables," he presented the manuscript to his fortunate publisher, who offered him only a starving price for it. His contract prevented the author treating with more liberal gentlemen; so he waited, each year repeating his proposals to the publisher, each year adding to the sum demanded. At last Victor Hugo's literary tyrant died, and "Les Miserables" is a new book, though it is a quarter of a century old.

The Mystery. By Mrs. Henry Wood. T. B. Peterson & Brothers: Philadelphia.

This story is issued in cheap form, and on receipt of fifty cents will be sent to any part of the United States by mail, free of postage.

Lloyd's Official Map of the State of Virginia is said to be official and accurate, and is certainly a most seasonable issue at the present time.

Gen. Corcoran's Release March is the title of a patriotic piece of music, composed by M. B. Clark, and published by Lee & Walker, Philadelphia.

AMUSEMENTS.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Davenport concluded a two-weeks engagement at the Walnut Street Theatre, on Saturday evening, and were succeeded on Monday evening of this week by Mrs. Waller. She opened her engagement with a new piece on an American subject, a Western border story, entitled "Sybil," written by John Savage. This lady has great tragic powers, and, what is of more consequence to the treasury of the theatre, has many admirers of her style of acting.

At the *Arch Street Theatre*, Miss Maggie Mitchell is succeeded, this week, by Miss Coombs, who appeared on Monday evening, in the drama of "The Wife's Secret." Miss C. has recently returned from Europe, where she has been a severe student in the line of her profession. She is young, handsome, and an enthusiast as an actress.

A new series of Abell & Co.'s "Stereopticon" is advertised to come off at the Assembly Building. During the early part of last year this exhibition was very popular with our citizens, and it will be recollected that it was of a character which tended to both please the eye and to improve the mind; and, as an educational medium, it surpassed any optical display which had ever before been given here. Messrs. Abell & Co. have intimated that it is their intention to offer extra inducements, and set apart exhibitions for the benefit of the sick and wounded of our soldiers in the military hospitals, and other volunteer purposes.

The Continental Theatre at Eighth and Walnut streets has been handsomely fitted up under the auspices of Mr. Randall, and was opened by him on Saturday with an attractive company. The arrangements for the ballet, including Mlle Galetti, the best dancer now in America, are all first class. Madame Von Berkel, in the vocal department, as well as many other favorites, are engaged. The whole entertainment promises admirably.

The Eleventh Street Opera House, under the management of Carncross and Dixey, continues in the full tide of success. The audiences are not only large but from among our most respectable citizens.

NEWS AND NOTINGS.

Isaac Snodgrass, of Menard, Illinois, has nine sons in the army.

☞ Vanity Fair gives as the song of the liable-to-be drafted person—"I would I were a boy again."

☞ A cotemporary says: "Seeing that there is no present occasion in Italy, perhaps Garibaldi may now turn his steps to America!

☞ A writer in the Atlantic Monthly says that "taxation is no burden." Prentice wishes that he would take his (P's) share of it.

☞ General Beauregard and staff arrived at Mobile on the 4th inst. His health is fully restored.

☞ General Robert C. Schenck has been, by acclamation, nominated for Congress in the Third District of Ohio.

☞ The guage of a man's patriotism will be the measure of his face when he pays his war tax. Long face little loyalty—and *e converso*.

☞ Brig. Gen. Thomas L. Kane, late Colonel of the Bucktail Rifles, is ordered to report to Gen. Casey for duty with the provisional brigade.

☞ Major General Cassius M. Clay is ordered to report in person to Major General Butler, at New Orleans, for duty in the Department of the Gulf.

☞ The Richmond Whig, of the 1st inst., has an amusing editorial on the peculiarities of Jeff. Davis, whom it styles the "impracticable Cyrus."

☞ It is estimated that there are forty-five thousand young men, with no responsibility, in New York and Brooklyn, who are either too lazy or too cowardly to shoulder a musket.

☞ Hon. John R. Thompson, U. S. Senator from New Jersey, died at his residence in Princeton on Friday night. His official term would have expired on the 4th of March next.

☞ Hon. C. L. Vallandigham, of Ohio, has been again nominated for Congress for the Third Congressional District of that State, and will make a thorough canvass of his district.

☞ The report is that Mr. Charles Francis Adams would not be averse to a change of places with Charles Sumner. The Springfield Republican hopes the people will consent to it.

☞ The Secretary of the Treasury has just issued regulations concerning internal and coastwise commercial intercourse. The regulations are intended to cut short all supplies reaching the rebels.

☞ John Ross, Chief of the Cherokees, it is understood, has made a satisfactory arrangement with the President to rescue his nation from the rebels. Mr. Ross and son left Washington for New York on Saturday.

☞ Major General McClellan, on being told of General Kearney being shot, shed tears, and exclaimed to the bearer of the message: "My best general officer is gone, and who shall I put in his place?"

☞ The nine months quota is progressing well, but the new regiments should have speedy and efficient aid to ensure their timely completion. There is much necessary work to perform before the whole business of formation will be completed.

☞ Prentice says: Louisville on a war footing is as self-possessed as she ever was on a footing of the deepest peace. The calmness of determination and of conscious strength pervades her streets and sits upon the brows of her people.

☞ The Indians on the Salt Lake route are well armed with rifles and revolvers, and are committing depredations on emigrants. Two emigrant trains were recently attacked at Labbett's Cut-off, 100 miles north of Salt Lake City. Fifteen or twenty persons were killed.

☞ George F. Trian has done a "big thing" in the way of an expose of the London sponging houses, and his account of them is not only severe but graphic and complete. The Commercial Bulletin publishes the whole expose which makes five columns of reading matter—and well worth the reading too.

☞ There is young man in the army, who was born July 4, at 4 o'clock, P. M., at No. 44, in a street in Boston, 1844, a 4th child, has 4 names, enlisted into the Newton company which has joined the 4th battalion, 44th regiment, 4th company, and on the 4th of September, was appointed 4th corporal, and is now going *forth* to defend his country.

☞ Those saturnine people who so gloomily predict continued disaster to the Federal arms, forget that the rebel resources are of necessity well-nigh exhausted, while those of the loyalists are just beginning to be drawn out. In "the ring" when the tenth "round" finds the one party weak and the other party strong, there is no question how the "mill" will end. Think of that, ye croakers!

☞ The government has completed arrangements for the settlement of free colored persons in Central America. About 500 emigrants nearly all men, provided with implements of husbandry, &c., will leave in a first-class steamer in October. About 4000 colored persons have signified their intention of availing themselves of the President's colonization scheme.

☞ There were 276 deaths in this city in the week ending on Saturday last, of which 128 were adults and 148 were children. There were 2 from consumption of the lungs; 23 from cholera infantum; 11 from convulsions; 5 from diptheria; 7 from diarrhœa; 4 from disease of the heart; 20 from debility; 7 from dysentery; 11 from typhoid fever; 6 from inflammation of the brain; 6 from inflammation of the lungs; 21 from marasmus; and 2 from gunshot wounds.

THE WAR IN MARYLAND.

THE BATTLE ON MIDDLETOWN HEIGHTS.

A GLORIOUS VICTORY FOR THE UNION TROOPS.

GENERAL RENO KILLED.

Longstreet Sent from Hagerstown to Reinforce the Rebels.

THE REBELS IN FULL RETREAT.

Gen. Lee Acknowledges Himself Whipped.

McCLELLAN IN PURSUIT.

FRANKLIN'S MOVEMENT A COMPLETE SUCCESS

The Draft Postponed in this State.

FREDERICK, Sunday night, Sept. 14.—The entire army moved at day-light this morning. They will take the road to Harper's Ferry, in the hope of coming up with Jackson and Hill before they cross. If they are this side of the river we shall probably have a battle before night. It is expected our main column will come up with the enemy this afternoon.

HEAD QUARTERS ARMY OF POTOMAC,
THREE MILES BEYOND MIDDLETOWN,
Sept. 14, 9 40 P. M.

To H. W. Halleck, General-in-Chief:

After a very severe engagement, the corps of Generals Hooker and Reno have carried the height commanding the Hagerstown road. The troops behaved magnificently. They never fought better.

Gen. Franklin has been engaged on the extreme left. I do not yet know the result, except that the firing indicates progress on his part. The action continued till after dark, and terminated leaving us in possession of the entire crest.

It has been a glorious victory. I cannot yet tell whether the enemy will retreat during the night or appear in increased force in the morning.

I regret to add that the gallant and able General Reno is killed.

G. B McCLELLAN, Major General.

HEAD QUARTERS ARMY OF POTOMAC,
Sept. 15, 3 o'clock, A. M.—Major Gen. H. W. Halleck, General-in Chief:—I am happy to inform you that Franklin's success on the left was as complete as that on the centre and right, and resulted in his getting possession of the Gap, after a severe engagement in all parts of the line.

The troops, old and new, behaved with the utmost steadiness and gallantry, carrying, with but little assistance from our artillery, every strong position defended by artillery and infantry. I do not think our loss is very severe.

The corps of A. S. Hill and Longstreet were engaged with our right.

We have taken a considerable number of prisoners.

The enemy dispersed during the night.

Our troops are now advancing in pursuit of them.

I do not yet know where he will next be found

GEO. B. McCLELLAN,
Major General Commanding.

HEAD QUARTERS OF ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
September 15th, 8 A. M.

To Henry W. Halleck, Gen.-in-Chief:

I have just learned from Gen. Hooker, in the advance, who states that the information is perfectly reliable, that the enemy is making for the river in a perfect panic, and Gen. Lee last night stated publicly that he must admit they had been shockingly whipped.

I am hurrying everything forward to endeavor to press their retreat to the utmost.

[Signed] GEO. B. McCLELLAN.

HEAD QUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
At Bo ivar, Sept. 15, 10 A. M.

To Gen. Halleck, Commander-in-Chief:

Information this moment received completely confirms the rout and demoralization of the rebel army.

General Lee is reported wounded and General Garland killed.

Gen. Hooker alone has over 1000 more prisoners, 700 having been sent to Frederick.

It is stated that General Lee gives his loss at 15,000.

We are following as rapidly as the men can move. [Signed,] G. B. McCLELLAN,
Major General.

BALTIMORE, Sept. 15.—A despatch from the Monocacy says that there has been no firing this morning, and it is presumed that the battle has not been renewed.

General Reno's body is expected to arrive here this afternoon.

Further Reports from Maryland.

BALTIMORE, Sept. 15.—The American says that Gen. Franklin's corps, nearly 30,000 strong, left Frederick on Saturday morning at daylight, and marched towards Harper's Ferry, to relieve General Miles.

The firing heard on Saturday, in the direction of Harper's Ferry, ceased about 5 P. M., at which time Franklin is supposed to have reached there. General McClellan speaks of Franklin being on his extreme left yesterday, which indicates that his line extended from Middletown to the Ferry.

Late from Cumberland Gap.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 15.—Advices from Cumberland Gap, to August 31st, represent that Gen. Morgan is in fine spirits. He is foraging the country in all directions, and will hold out until relieved.

The enemy are still in force on his front, but not in the rear, the Rebel forces in Kentucky having joined Kirby Smith.

General Morgan made a raid at Rogor's Gap, killing six, wounding six, and taking a whole company prisoners, without losing a man.

The War in Kentucky.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 15.—All business was resumed to day, with the exception of the sale of liquor, until four o'clock in the afternoon, when the military organizations will meet and drill.

The rebels fell back only four miles back of Florence, owing to the scarcity of water. It is supposed that they are awaiting reinforcements

The rebels have left Maysville and gone to Paris.

Affairs at Harrisburg.

HARRISBURG, Sept. 15.—The Governor has postponed the draft in this State till the 25th of this month.

Militia continue to arrive here every hour The spacious capital grounds are filled with tents, and the whole force is very large

Troops are sent on to Chambersburg very rapidly. Spencer Miller's howitzer battery went yesterday.

DEATH OF GEN. RENO.

General Jesse L. Reno, whose death on the field of battle is announced in Gen. McClellan's despatch, was one of the gallant young brigadiers whom Burnside trained to war in North Carolina. He was a Pennsylvanian by birth, and about thirty-seven years of age. He received a military education at West Point, where he was entered in 1842, and was graduated standing seventh in his class, in 1846.

Entering the army as brevet second lieutenant of ordnance, he formed part of Scott's army in the Mexican war, and took part in every battle from Vera Cruz to Mexico. For gallantry displayed at Cerro Gordo he was breveted first lieutenant; at Chepultepec he was wounded; and on the 13th of September, 1847, he was breveted captain. He commanded a battery in both the actions above named.

After the close of the war he was for six months Assistant Professor of Mathematics at West Point, and for eighteen months afterward Secretary to the Artillery Board, during which he was engaged in testing heavy ordnance and compiling tactics for heavy artillery. Various employments succeeded; in all which he brought to bear judgment, good scientific attainments and industry. He was for a time on the Coast Survey, then on topographical duty in the West; for a year engaged in building a military road from Big Sioux river to St. Paul, Minnesota. From 1854 to 1857, he was stationed at Frankford Arsenal, near Philadelphia. He was afterwards Chief Ordnance officer to Gen. Johnson in the Utah expedition, and remained there till 1859, when he was detached and sent to Mount Vernon Arsenal, Alabama. He was afterwards stationed at Leavenworth, Kansas, where he was when the rebellion broke out.

He was one of the officers selected by Gen. Burnside himself to accompany him in his expedition, and approved by his unvarying gallantry and conduct the choice of his superior General. He was appointed brigadier general of volunteers November 12th, of last year; distinguished himself at Roanoke and Newbern, and was considered one of the bravest and most promising officers in the service. When Burnside's army was brought up from North Carolina, Reno was put in command of a division, and, in the battles before Washington, so distinguished himself that his name is among the foremost of those honorably mentioned in reports. He sought the advance again in the march on the rebels in Maryland, and, alas, we now have to mourn his loss.

A younger man than Kearny, he bade fair to become as splendid a soldier as that lamented general; and, in his death, the army and the country have lost one whom we could not well spare. He lived long enough to win for himself an honorable fame in our history.

[Correspondence of the Dollar Newspaper.]

THINGS IN NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, September 15, 1862.

The Democrats and "Constitutional Union" men were in high feather last week, owing to the smooth working, thus far, of their respective political machines. The union of the two parties would seem to be complete, and their leading men appear to be confident that with Seymour for Governor, the Republicans can be ousted from power in this State. When it is seen what sort of a ticket the latter are going to nominate, a fortnight hence, we shall be in a better position to judge of the probabilities of realizing that great expectation. Meanwhile, the city Democratic committees are initiating preparations for a grand ratification meeting in the Park. What a pity it is that the whole concern—Democrats, Republicans Constitutional Union men, and all, do not, on motion, resolve, every man of them, to enlist.

I speak here in reference to our citizens in general. That curious association, the Natural War Committee, must, however, be looked upon as an exception. These busybodies appear to be positively frightened out of their wits. At their meeting last week they agreed to a report recommending the immediate raising of an army of 50,000 men, for the defence of the State from possible invasion, and calling on the Governor to bring out every able bodied man between the ages of 18 and 45 into the field. The Fremont "army of 50 000 men" was a fool enough scheme, but this last proposition is positive lunacy.

The Conference between the Troy (Constitutional Union) and the Albany (Democratic) Conventions, did not result so satisfactorily to the latter, it would seem, as the telegraph represented. The condition of fusion advanced by the Trojans was, that they should have the Lieutenant Governor and Clerk of the Court of Appeals—but the Albanians would only agree to concede the latter. The consequence is, a practical failure of the proposition to fuse, and the probability of another (Constitutional Union) Convention, to make up a ticket from Democratic and Republican nominations, on the half and half or balance of power principle.

Mr. Edwin Forrest commences an engagement at Niblo's Theatre, on Monday evening, which will probably last six weeks. The company will be composed of pretty much the same timber as that with which the great tragedian performed last season.

It is to be hoped that the reports are true that the rebels are retreating across the Potomac. In that case the minds of many people here, who have been urging the banks to remove their specie to Boston, will experience a sensible relief. One of the evening papers states that "many of the capitalists of your city yesterday brought their treasure to this city for safety, and that Mr. Henry D Moore, the Pennsylvania State Treasurer, has transferred to our safe keeping the archives of the State, together with bonds, treasure and other valuables," all of which may be perfectly true, but your correspondent, after the most diligent inquiry of the proper persons, cannot ascertain anything confirmatory of the fact—if it be a fact.

An earnest effort is making, in this city, to infuse a little more of the Christian element into the war, than has hitherto been the case; and, the first practical step to that desirable end, a daily prayer-meeting has been determined upon, in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, commencing on Monday morning. Other churches, there is reason to believe, will follow the example.

We are to have a short season of German and English opera this week. Carl Anschutz is to "try on" on the former, at Wallack's old theatre, at the corner of Broadway and Broom st.—and the latter will be served up (with Carlotti Patti) at the Academy of Music.

The report from England (per Edinburg, off Cape Race), that the rebel steamer No. 290 is about to be let loose to prey upon American commerce, has occasioned considerable alarm among the shipping houses. The first effect of it, probably, will be an advance on the rates of insurance. There are so many fine vessels on the track between here and British ports, carrying grain, that the pirate—if she is really out—is likely to find plenty of game.

General trade is dull and business is inactive—except in breadstuffs, which are moving quite freely for export. The news has also had a tendency to somewhat restrict business.

The following is a comparative statement of the imports of foreign dry goods and general merchandise at the port of New York for the week ending Sept. 12th, and since Jan 1st:

	1860	1861.	1862.
For the week.			
Dry Goods,	$2 005,729	$796,689	$1,441,492
Gen'l mdse.,	2,151,358	1,988,526	1,907,661
Total for week,	$4,157,087	$2,385,215	$3 349,142
Previ'ly rep'd,	$169,831,738	$95,678,182	$121,729,365
Since Jan. 1st,	$173,988,825	$98,063,397	$125,079,507

COTTON.—The market on some heads steady; some sales of middling Uplands were made at 56½ a 57 cents.

FLOUR.—The market for Western and State Flour is unchanged; 17,000 bbls. were sold at $5 a 5 20 for superfine State and Western; $5 40 a 5 55 for extra State; $5 45 a 5 65 for the low grades of Western extra, and $5 80 a 5 90 for shipping brands of round hoop extra Ohio. Southern Flour is in fair demand; 1700 bbls. were sold at $5 60 a 6 60 for mixed to good superfine Baltimore, and $6 a 7 50 for the better kinds. Rye Flour is selling at $5 75 a 6 50. Corn Meal is at fair demand; 100 bbls. were sold at $3 50 a 3 75 for Brandywine.

GRAIN.—The wheat market is less active and prices are in favor of buyers; 200 000 bushels changed owners at $1 06 a 1 13 for Chicago spring, $1 09 a 1 14 for Milwaukie club, $1 21 a 1 24 for red winter Western, and $1 25 a 1 30 for white Michigan. Rye is selling at 75 a 83c. for Western and State. The market for corn is dull and heavy; 150 000 bushels were sold at 57 a 59c. for mixed shipping Western, and 57 a 58c. for Eastern.

PROVISIONS.—Pork continues in fair request; 275 bbls. were sold at $10 a 10 11 for prime, and $11 50 a 11 62 for mess. The Beef market is unchanged. Lard is in better demand; 1500 pkgs. were sold at 9 a 9¾c. Butter and Cheese is unchanged.

WHISKY.—The market is steady, with sales of 700 bbls. at 31 a 33c.

THE MARKETS.

THE MONEY MARKET.

—The following abstract of a Company reports shows the coal tonnage for the week and season as compared with the corresponding time last year:

Roads.	Week.	Season.	Last Season.	Iner'se	Decr'e
Reading,	60,715	1,655,781	1,246,456	409,325	
Schuyl'n,	27,624	637 292	761,928		124,635
Lehigh N.		216,256	629,332		413,476
Lehigh V.	28,884	601,433	553,127	48,306	
Del. & L.	25,560	743,222	762,336		19,104
Del. & H.	24,160	306,916	475,841		168,925
Pa C & C,	26,460	315,068	415,859		102,551
Shamok. Y	7,313	185,344	149,845	14,509	
Broad Top	7,317	222,046	169,292	52,732	
Lyken's V	5,110	110,337	117,713	2,623	
Preverton.	1,160	41,588	31,162	13,406	
Totals...	214,313	5,006,281	5,291,661	540,900	728,301

The coal tonnage the past week was again heavy, swelling the aggregate of the season to over five millions of tons, against 5,293 661 tons to the same time last season—showing a decrease of 287,380 tons.

The stock market was stronger on Saturday the result, probably, of the very abundant supply of money, and the evidences manifested throughout this State and all the West, by the very general uprising of the people, to drive back the rebel enemy. The whole amount of sales cover $86 500 of loans, and 3725 shares. Government loans in good request, and higher. The 6 of 1881 sold at par at the first board, but declined a fraction at the second. The 7 30s sold at 103, and the One Year Certificates at 98. State 6s closed ¼ a ⅜ higher. City 6s were also ¼ better at the close. There were no sales of Reading Railroad bonds, though quotations were unstated, and shares, in large amounts, sold at an advance of ¼ a 1. Pennsylvania Railroad 1st mor gage 6s sold at 106½, and the seconds at 104¼. The shares sold at 48⅝, an advance of 1¼ on the closing sale of Friday. The threatened interruption of this road by the appearance of the rebel army being even less likely now than before the crossing of the Potomac, there

INCONSTANT.

Inconstant! O my God!
Inconstant! When a single thought of thee
Sends all my shivering blood
Back on my heart in thrills of ecstasy!

Inconstant! When to feel
That thou hast loved me, writ love to the last,
Is joy enough to steal
All fear from life—the future and the past!

Inconstant! When to sleep
And dream that thou art near me, is to learn
So much of Heaven, I weep
Because the earth and morning must return.

Inconstant! Ah, too true!
Turned from the rightful shelter of thy breast,
My tired heart flutters through
The changeful world—a bird without a nest.

Inconstant to the crowd
Through which I pass, as, to the skies above,
The fickle summer cloud,
But not to thee; O not to thee, dear love!

I may be false to all
On earth beside, and every tender tie
Which seems to hold in thrall
This weary life of mine, may be a lie.

But, true as God's own truth,
My steadfast heart turns backward evermore,
To that sweet time of youth
Whose golden tide beats such a barren shore.

Inconstant! Not my own, [lives:
The hand which builds this wall between our
On its cold shadow, grown
To perfect shape, the flower of love survives.

God knows that I would give
All other joys, the sweetest and the best,
For one short hour to live
Close to thy heart, its comfort and its rest.

But life is not all dark;
The sunlight goldens many a hidden slope;
The dove shall find its ark
Of peaceful refuge and of patient hope.

I yet shall be possessed
Of woman's need—my small world set apart!
Home, love, protection, rest,
And children's voices singing through my heart.

By God's help, I will be
A faithful mother and a tender wife:
Perhaps even more, that he
Has chastened the best glory from my life.

But sacred to this loss,
One white sweet chamber of my heart shall be;
No foot shall ever cross
The silent portal sealed to love and thee.

And sometimes when my lips
Are to my first-born's clinging, close and long,
Draining with bee-like sips
At its sweet lily heart, will it be wrong,

If for an instant, wild
With precious pain, I put the truth aside,
And dream it is thy child
That I am fondling with such tender pride?

And when another's head
Sleeps on thy breast, if it should ever seem
To be thrown instead,
O darling! hold it closer for the dream!

God will forgive the sin,
If sin it is, our lives are swept so dry,
So cold as passion-clean, [bye!
Thank Him death comes at last—and so, good

THE FARMER.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

HINTS FOR THE FARMER.

LIQUID GLUE.—Place in a glue pot, or in a glazed vessel, one quart of water and three lbs. of hard glue; melt over a gentle fire and stir up occasionally. When the glue is all melted, drop in gradually a small quantity of nitric acid, when effervescence will take place. Now take it off the fire, allow it to cool and bottle it. It will keep for years without changing. It is always ready for use without melting, and is of great value in the household for mending things when you want to "save the pieces." This is the "Celebrated Prepared Glue."

ASHES FOR FRUIT TREES.—If your fruit trees are infested with vermin, or in a state of decline, dig the turf from around the trunk of each tree and apply a half bushel of leached ashes in its place, piling them up around the body of each tree. This will destroy the vermin and likewise promote the growth of the trees. If this process were repeated annually you would soon see a marked improvement, not only in the health and growth of the trees, but also in the quantity and quality of the fruit.

LIME VS. POTATO ROT.—Spread on the floor a layer of potatoes, then take air-slaked lime and spread it thinly over them, taking care to have them all well coated, then another layer of potatoes, and again lime as before, and so on till your potatoes are all thoroughly coated with lime. This will effectually stop the infection under almost any circumstances. This process has been tried with perfect success.

BED-BUGS.—Sweet oil occasionally rubbed over bedsteads, chair-boards, &c., will effectually prevent the appearance of bed-bugs. This is an efficient, cheap and agreeable preventative of the nuisance in question.

CISTERNS.—Cement cisterns are the best and cheapest where the soil is not too sandy. Dig a circular hole of the size desired, say 5 or 6 feet in diameter, and 8 or 9 feet deep, rounding the bottom so as to give it the shape of the bottom of an old-fashioned iron kettle. Plaster this directly on the earth with three coats of water-lime cement, made of one part water-lime and two parts clean, coarse sand. The mortar is mixed a little at a time, owing to its tendency to harden quickly. A flat stone should lie in the centre of the bottom for the workman to stand upon. The third coat should be made quite thin, and is mainly to give a smooth finish. The top of the cement wall should be at least a foot below the intended level of the surface of the ground, and should be finished with a rim of cement extending outwards for a foot or more. Then cover with sound timber and plank, leaving an opening large enough for a man to pass, for cleansing and for drawing water. Place a waste-pipe at one side to carry off surplus water. Cover the planks with a coating of cement, over which lay pine shavings, then earth sufficient to protect the cement from frost and from damage from jarring.

PEA STRAW.—Pea straw cut somewhat green and cured without rain is excellent fodder for making milk or beef. Cattle eat it eagerly and thrive well on it.

MARKING SHEEP.—The best method for marking sheep is to take four parts tar, one part tallow, and from one to two parts, by measure, of lampblack—warm and mix together thoroughly. Then take a marker, or type made of wood, with a handle to it, and dip it into the mixture and put it on the sheep while warm. The mixture should be warm enough to be thin, otherwise too much will stick to the marker.

CHINESE SUGAR CANE FOR FODDER.—Horses and cattle cannot get anything they like better and do better on than Chinese Sugar Cane fodder. Give a horse sugar cane and good clover hay at the same time, and he will eat the cane first. I am of opinion that it will pay every farmer to plant a few acres of sugar cane as feed for stock.

GRAFTING WAX.—Take one pound of tallow, two pounds of beeswax, and four pounds of rosin; melt together; pour into cold water, and when cold enough to handle, pull it till white. Put on cold. Grafting wax made in this way will not melt or crack.

SLOBBERING IN HORSES.—Give a tablespoonful of prepared saltpeter in the morning, and in three days, if the horse is not free from it, repeat the dose. Three or four doses will cure the worst case. I say *cure*, for it is a disease.

Chitt, O., 1862. BUCKEYE.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

A FEW WORDS WITH FARMERS.

Now that the summer is ended, the harvest past, and all things saved, I propose to have a familiar talk with my fellow farmers upon the subject of their future prospects, and the interests and happiness of our class in general. I will introduce this communication by taking a hasty glance at the process by which the farmer's labor is rewarded. Having sowed and planted, he watches with anxious hope the first appearance of the young shoots. He sees with increasing interest the pale-green color which they first wear, deepen into a dark, rich hue. He sees the round stem grow and expand beneath the heat of a midsummer sun. Step by step he watches the development of the stem, the leaf, and the stalk, until finally the ripened grain crowns the whole, and Nature's work is completed. Now he gathers it into his barn, and as he views the goodly mow a thrill of conscious pride and triumph pervades his soul. The labors of the season are over, and now all that is to engage him during the long winter months is the care of his stock and the marketing of his produce. When these are attended to, many hours still remain of each day, and, especially the long evenings wherein no accustomed duty needs his care, and no accustomed occupation prevents his becoming a victim to idleness. It is a well known fact that, with many farmers, this period is apt to hang heavily upon their hands, and they rejoice when the melting snows give notice that this glorious time for mental cultivation, when properly understood, is drawing to a close. It is with this class in particular that I purpose to cultivate an acquaintance. And now, gentlemen, have you noticed any particular law of nature shadowed forth in the brief description of the process of germination and growth given above, and which comes under the eye of every farmer? If not, let me assure you that there is one, and it is one of the greatest and most extensive principles that man is capable of understanding, and at the same time are of the simplest. It has its origin in the throne of the eternal, and pervades the whole universe. It is *progression*. It is exemplified in every occupation, but in none is there given so plain an exposition as in the farmer's occupation. And yet no other class of persons profit by it so little. Now, farmers, let one who is of your number, and who believes that yours is an honorable and ennobling calling, entreat you to let this be the case no longer. But, in order to remedy this evil, you must think, and now, in these long winter evenings, seated beside your comfortable fires, is just the time for that process. In future articles I propose to take up some particular point connected with this subject, in which farmers are deficient, and to suggest some thoughts that may lead to a reform, at least in some few individual instances. G.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

FARMING.

We hear many complaints about scanty crops, and that farming don't pay. Now why is this? One thing, almost every farmer has more land than he can cultivate to advantage; but it is the cultivating, and not the number of acres of which it is composed, that renders it valuable to the owner. There are many large farms the produce of which is not equal to that gathered from some single acres. A large farm must subject the owner to the payment of a large tax, which is quite a consideration. It also requires more labor and expense to carry it on, and often with poor profit. A large farm with nothing on it, is like a large house with nothing in it. Success in farming is just what it is in everything else. If we resolve to be good, practical, energetic, enterprising farmers, we shall be so. We must aim high and then work the hand, the head, and the heart, all in concert. We must study and practice upon what we learn. If we would go ahead we must make experiments and draw conclusions from the results. All experiments we know are more or less expensive. It may cost us many hundreds of dollars to make sure of what we desire to know, and time, money and labor are required to accomplish our purpose. Let us have a thorough knowledge of chemistry. It is from this that we look for the greatest results, that will tell us how to combine the different elements so as to make wheat, corn, roots, and other vegetables grow and yield abundantly. It will tell us when to plow deep, and what kinds of manure to use on particular kinds of crops—it will tell us how to make manures, as well as to preserve what we have made—it will tell us their effects in top-dressing, and when to use them for it—it will tell us when to make use of old and well-rotted manures, and when green manures. We must all be practical chemists to be successful farmers at this day. Farmers should be men of thought and reflection, and in making experiments should commence on a small scale, and according to their means. There would be less need of experiments if we read more of the experiment of others in farming. There are few farmers but what can find time to read one or two hours each day, if they are so disposed. If a farmer can read but one thing, let him read an agricultural paper. But if he wishes to study a subject more fully, he must read books. I know that many of our agricultural books are of very little value, some of them are worse than nothing, because they mislead those who rely upon them. Many of the writers in the agricultural papers are uneducated men, truthful and honest, but they do not know the whole truth, and so are liable to make wrong statements. It is chiefly owing to these mistakes that so many prejudices arise against book knowledge. The farmer should be educated expressly for the farm, and in the science and mystery of the farming. The means of education are at every door, only a desire for it is wanting. Let him feel interested in his pursuits, and success will be sure to crown his efforts.

Waterford, Me., 1862. AN OLD FARMER.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

SORGHUM.

This is one of the subjects that will bear a great deal of talk as well as much writing—it will bear experiment, study, comment, agitation. I see, in some of our papers, articles against its introduction, cultivation, &c. Some writers have the face to say: "It is not for this climate;" others, "It cannot be made profitable to the cultivator." I am ready to ask, what is good for this climate, and what is profitable to the cultivator, if sugar cane is not? There is nothing pays so well here in these parts, or is raised with less attention. Men who have found out the profit by experience, are ready to contract for the produce per acre at $20 to as many as will raise it, and deliver it to them in its unground state. What agricultural product pays more? What pays as much? The average amount per acre here, with ordinary care, is about 150 gallons of molasses, worth 50 cents per gallon, besides some eight or ten barrels of vinegar, which is equally as good as the best cider vinegar, and that is worth 25 cents per gallon here in Illinois. I wonder what kind of barrens those men have settled upon who cannot raise sorghum. It looks as though they were in a poor place to raise anything; not even maize could be cultivated to advantage. At present the manufacture of the cane into syrup pays better than its cultivation, for those who own mills and evaporators charge 30 cents per gallon, cash, or make the molasses for one-half, thereby clearing $15 per day with one horse and three men, and hundreds of acres of sorghum have been lost for molasses this fall for want of machines to make the syrup. What if one or two experiments fail to produce the profit fondly hoped for, is that a sufficient reason to condemn it? The greatest discoveries of the age have been found out by trials and tests to prove something new aside from the beaten track of knowledge, and the most renowned discoverers and inventors have met their success outside of the frequented and explored boundaries. What if a few experiments end in the most overwhelming failures? Suppose four hundred and ninety-nine attempts fail; still persevere, the five hundredth may end in triumph. Even fickle fortune may change; but where the judgment can lead and direct action, and calculate the result before the close, it is not all fortune nor luck, but the success which follows well directed, persevering effort. From what source did we obtain the great majority of our best improvements, chemical, mechanical, agricultural, in short, all sciences and arts? In answer, from those who, after becoming masters of sciences by studying books, and experience, stepped aside to dally, it may be, with the lightnings of heaven, like our own Franklin, thereby adding to the stock of knowledge to be recorded on the scroll of discoveries for those who come after them to learn the chart, and avoid the rocks and quicksands laid down therein. J. L. H.

Rock Island, 1862.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

RAISING COLTS.

It appears strange that farmers do not raise more colts, as they are aware of the remunerative price they bring. A colt after it is weaned costs very little more to raise than a steer or cow. The first rule to be observed in breeding is, that like will produce like, and that the progeny will inherit the general or mingled qualities of both parents. There is scarcely a desire by which either of the parents are afflicted, that the colt does not often show a predisposition to. All persons who have raised colts or been much among horses, have seen blindness, thick wind, spavins, ringbones and founder descend upon the offspring from both sire and dam; hence the necessity of a knowledge of the pedigree of both parents. Horses for general use are mostly inferior in quality, for this reason, the mares are not as good as they should be. The stallions are generally good, as hone but the largest and best formed are kept for service. The mare should be fine in the head and long in the body. The horse should be compact, or as much goodness and strength as possible condensed into a little space. A mare is capable of breeding at three years, and if not hard worked will continue until twenty. When the mare is within two days of foaling, there will be a gluey, sticky substance on the end of the teats, when she should be kept under the eye of some judicious person. When the colt is strong enough to follow the mare, if she is at slow work, they had better be together, as it will get the milk oftener and thrive better, besides becoming used to the objects by which it will be surrounded. In four or five months the colt should be weaned and turned into a good pasture with plenty of water. During the winter the colt should be tied up and stabled, as frequent handling serves to make it gentle and has much to do with the temper of the animal; but most farmers here, in the West, let their colts run on the prairies until frost, when they are taken up and allowed to run in the timothy fields, with straw ricks to go to when the snow is on the ground. They seem to thrive well, but become wild and unmanagable. Very often when they (at three years old) are wanted to break, they have to be choked down before they can be bridled. Colts are better to be kept without any grain until they become fit to work, except when they become sick or weakly from disease. A colt here at three years old is worth from $80 to $100.

Peoria County, Ill., 1862. J. P.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

INQUIRIES.

HUNGARIAN GRASS.—*Hopewell, Clark County, Iowa.*—As the "Newspaper" seems to be free for inquiries as well as for answers, I would like to have some one of your correspondents to inform us through its columns, the nature and use of Hungarian Grass. Some say it is very useful and healthy, others contend that it is very injurious for both horses and cattle. As far as my experience goes, it is the best feed for horses of any that I have ever tried. I have been in the practice of hauling heavy loads of goods for a distance of two hundred miles, and fed my horses entirely on Hungarian Grass, and my team kept in better order, and seemed to be stronger than when lying idle and being fed on corn and clover hay. Hungarian Grass is very easily raised in this country, generally averaging from two to three tons per acre. If you do not want to feed it with the seed in, it can very easily be threshed with a flail or machine, and the seed sold for from $1 to $1 50 per bushel. For the information of farmers wishing to raise Hungarian, I would state that it requires about one half bushel to the acre; sow the last of May or first of June; plow your ground deep, and harrow in well. It rarely fails to bring a good crop, besides, if your ground should be very weedy it will exterminate everything in the shape of weeds, and leave the ground in good order for the next crop.

G. B.

SECONDARY GROWTH.—*Chetwood, N. J., formerly Martha Furnace.*—In reply to "K.'s" questions on "secondary growth," published in the "Dollar Newspaper," August 20, I would say, that it is the *condition* of the soil that causes it to produce blackberries and raspberries where pine forests formerly stood, and that, in my opinion, is the grand secret in farming, viz., to establish the proper *conditions* for the crop you wish to produce. For instance: take the earth from the bottom of a well, wash all vegetable matter and seeds out of it, expose it to the sun's rays, atmosphere, dew, &c., &c., apply wood ashes, and a fine growth of white clover will generally be produced. Now it would be perfectly absurd, to my mind, to assert that white clover *seed* had been put there, when we have just stated that the soil was washed clean of *all* seeds before the experiment was commenced. If this *fact* does not satisfy "K.'s" mind, let him give us his objections in the "Dollar Newspaper." B. F. C.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

SELECTING SEED CORN.

It is now time that farmers should direct their attention to the selection of seed corn, and thereby avoid in future the delay, labor and loss which a neglect of this needful precaution has occasioned within a few years. Taking the ground that wet weather, in connection with hard freezing, destroys the germinating principle in the grain, or injures it to such a degree as to render the young plant imperfect, it then becomes a matter of no small importance to farmers to secure a sufficient quantity against the severity of the weather. This should be done as soon as the corn is matured, and I know of no better place to make your selection than in the field before the corn is husked, where you can not only select the most fruitful stalks, but also the most perfect ears. The corn thus selected should be separated from the stalk without husking, and be removed to a dry, airy building, where it may be hung up in the husk to dry; or' should this plan not be convenient, it may be husked and spread out thinly to avoid danger of heating. That it is bad policy to plant corn that has stood out in the freezing weather many farmers have found to their cost, by three years' experience, when such corn entirely failed, or but partially germinated. Even this might have failed to convince some, if, on the other hand, all the seed that was selected early in the fall had not germinated without failure. Those who are careful in the selection of good seed lay the foundation for a good crop, and contemplate the end from the beginning.

Greene County, Pa., 1862. C. C. C.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

RECIPES.

CURRANT JELLY.—Pick fine red, but long, ripe currants from the stems; bruise them and strain the juice, from a quart at a time, through a thin muslin, using it gently to get all the liquid; put a pound of white sugar to each pound of juice; stir it until it all dissolves; set it over a gentle fire; let it become hot, and boil for fifteen minutes; then try it by taking a spoonful into a saucer; when cold, if it is not quite firm enough, boil it for a few minutes longer. Or, pick the fruit from the stems, weigh it and put into a stone pot; set it in a kettle of hot water, then crush them and strain the juice from them; put a pound of white sugar to each pint of it; put it over the fire and boil for fifteen minutes; try some in a saucer; when the jelly is thick enough, strain it into small white jars, or glass tumblers; when it is cold, cover with tissue paper, as directed. Glass should be tempered by keeping it in warm water for a short time before pouring any hot liquid into it, otherwise it may crack.

TO CANDY FRUITS.—Take one pound of the best loaf sugar; dip each lump into a bowl of water, and put the sugar into your preserving kettle. Boil it down and skim it until perfectly clear, and in a candying state. When sufficiently boiled, have ready the fruits you wish to preserve. Large white grapes, oranges separated into small pieces, or preserved fruits, taken out of their syrup and dried, are very nice. Dip the fruits into the prepared sugar while it is hot; put them in a cold place; they soon become hard.

GREEN PICKLES.—To give pickles a lively green color, it is recommended to put grape leaves into the vinegar—a very simple way if it is effective.

CURRANT JELLY WITHOUT COOKING.—Press the juice from the currants and strain it; to every pint put a pound of white sugar; mix them together until the sugar is dissolved; then put it in jars, seal them, and expose them to the hot sun for two or three days. T. F. D.

PEACHES.—Or fruit of any kind can be preserved in its natural state by selecting that which is sound and good; place it in air-tight cans; fill the cans with water, and seal to the exclusion of the air. T.

SCIENCE AND ART.

INVENTIONS AND IMPROVEMENTS.

UNSINKABLE IRON SHIPS.—A ship has been constructed in England on a new and peculiar principle for protection against sinking. She is divided in the first place, by ordinary transverse water-tight bulkheads before and abaft the boiler and engine-room. The fore part of the ship in front of the boiler-room bulkhead, is divided below the water-line into two entirely separate holds or compartments by a water-tight horizontal deck; and the after part of the ship, abaft the engine room bulkhead is also divided in the same manner by a horizontal deck. If, therefore, the bottom of the ship should, by rocks or any other means, be stove in or torn away below this deck at either end, the water would be confined entirely to the lower hold or compartment, the deck forming, as it were, an inverted bottom, which would keep the ship afloat and seaworthy. Or, should the bottom be stove in or torn away above this deck at either end, the lower hold would still remain sound and water-tight, and is made of sufficient capacity to keep the ship afloat and a buoyant as is necessary for safety. To give access to the lower holds beneath the water-tight deck, so as to make it available at each end for carrying cargo, a water-tight trunk is built up from the lower deck to the upper at each end of the ship, the deck being cut away within this trunk, so that cargo can be passed down by the passage way which it requires to be closed up with valves or doors, like those used with ordinary water-tight bulkheads. Should water find its way into the lower holds through breaches in the bottom, it would simply rise in the trunks to the level of the sea outside, and thus remain harmless.

ARSENICAL PAPER HANGING.—A paper was recently read to the British Association, by Dr. Macadam, on the proportion of arsenic in paper hangings. He said that in the majority of green paper hangings arsenic was present in rough powder. He was told that generally flock paper did not contain arsenic. He exhibited several green papers that were deposited in a rough condition. When he struck one of them with his hand a cloud of dust arose; it was arsenic which had been placed over the surface of the paper. In these packages of envelopes where there were twenty five to each packet, each packet was placed in a band of green paper to keep the envelopes together. If one purchased two packets, or fifty envelopes, there were to be found 2 3 grains of arsenic in the green paper bands. He had found as much as forty grains of arsenic in the square foot of green paper. The injury which such arsenic papers have upon the system in no case tends to actual poisoning.

CONSTRUCTION OF ALCOHOLOMETERS.—M. Pouillet has made a valuable report on alcoholometers to the Paris Academy of Sciences. The task of investigating this subject was a very important and a very difficult one. It was necessary to ascertain by numerous and delicate experiments the correctness of the values given here'ofore as the density of pure alcohol; and also, whether the densities of different mixtures of alcohol and water used for the construction of the centesimal alcoholometer were exact—proving that the theory upon which this instrument is constructed is well founded. But it is in regard to the practical construction of the alcoholometer that the greatest difficulties present themselves. It is, for example, very difficult to obtain tubes of sufficient length that are perfectly uniform in bore, and to make the graduation perfectly exact; the graduation changes in time, zero being displaced as in the thermometer. It is also very easy to transform an alcoholometer which is exact in its indications is to one which is systematically false.

NEW SYSTEM OF RIFLING.— Mr. Scott has explained to the London Institution of Civil Engineers, his peculiar system of rifling, which can be applied easily and cheaply to an ordinary thirty-two pounder. It consists of three grooves, each caused by an increasing width of a third of the bore, and a return to the original circumference by an angle or notch. The shell made to fit this rifled bore is of iron, without any covering of lead, and it cannot be introduced into the gun without a correct relation to its grooves; in fact, the notches on the sides of the projectile fall into their places in the easiest possible way, when the gunner lifts it to the muzzle. It is of great importance in the attainment of velocity, to use a light shell, as the strain on a gun must be in proportion to its inertia. The reason assigned for round shot having an advantage at short range is, that it leaves the gun with the most favorable motion possible, namely, revolving on its horizontal axis.

PINE WOOL.—According to a statement in the Technologist, there has for some time been in operation near Breslau, in Silesia, an establishment erected by M. Pannewitz, where pine leaves are converted into a kind of cotton or wool. This material, which is also known by the name of "woody wool," can be curled, woven, or jetted. The method of operating pursued by M. Pannewitz in obtaining this kind of wool, is not given; but it is stated that a fibrous material can be obtained from pine leaves by boiling in alkaline liquors, and saturating them in a solution of chloride of lime. Blankets made of pine wool have been extensively sold in Vienna, and jackets, stockings, and other articles of dress are now made of this material. In the preparation of the wool an ethereal oil is produced, which is said to possess valuable properties.

SOLAR HEAT.—An eminent European astronomer maintains that meteoric action is not only proved to exist as a cause of solar heat, but that it is the only one of all conceivable causes which is known to exist from independent evidence. According to this writer, the sun cannot have illuminated the earth for 100,000,000 years, and most certainly not for 500,000,000. As to the future, the light and heat necessary for the earth cannot be enjoyed many years longer, unless some sources now unknown to us are prepared for that purpose.

PARTING FOREVER.

Sweet, let me touch your hand!
Your little hand, with its fair rosy palm
And slender wrist, where the full pulse beats calm;
Sweet, let me touch your hand!

And let me kiss your lips;
Soft, ruby lips, that half conceal the pearl,
And half disclose it in their dainty curl;
Sweet, let me kiss your lips!

Ah, well; we're parting now!
What has become of all the love you swore
Should be mine own forever, evermore,
When we are parting now?

Not let me *touch* your hand?
Well, I remember when it lay at rest
In mine, a whole long summer's day caress'd—
And now not *touch* your hand!

Think of your broken vow.
You swore with pretty oaths, as maidens do,
"By our last kiss, I will be true to you."
Think of that broken vow.

What! not a word to say?
Ah, faithless sweet! you turn away your head,
And bite your lip until it grows more red;
But not one word to say!

Well, then, clasp hands and part,
I see the angry blood flush in your cheek.
Ah, child! I thought you strong, and you are weak;
Let us clasp hands and part.

Some time the day may come, [weep
Poor, fickle heart, when you will moan and
True tears from faithless eyes that cannot sleep;
Some time the day must come.

And so, weak heart, good-by!
When that day comes you will remember me;
Thinking it might have been, but may not be!
And so good-by—good-by!

THE REBELLION.

INTERESTING FROM THE SOUTH.

ANOTHER DAY OF FASTING AND PRAYER APPOINTED BY JEFF. DAVIS.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE PRESENT REBEL MOVEMENTS.

THE WAR TO BE CARRIED INTO PENNSYLVANIA.

The Present Run of Rebel Good Luck to be Pushed.

Richmond papers of the 5th and 6th speculate upon the movements of the army and the rebel designs.

THE INTENTIONS OF THE REBEL GENERALS.

[From the Richmond Examiner.]

Intelligence has been received from various sources that *the enemy has succeeded in evading or forcing the lines of the Confederates between Manassas and Washington*, and reached Arlington Heights with the wreck of his army. This story lacks confirmation, but it comes from so many quarters that *we fear it contains but too much truth*. We know from the Northern press that it was the intention of their Generals, if defeated on the Rappahannock, to retire to Arlington Heights, there to renew the war of the spade, and reform their broken legions and new lines during the winter. *But it was the hope and belief of the country that the arrangements of the Confederate leaders had been such as would have completely foiled that plan.* If the news of their successful retreat to Arlington Heights is confirmed, *it will be another of those many disappointments which we have had to support*, much resembling and nearly as great as the escape of McClellan after the battle of Cold Harbor and Malvern Hill.

But if it is indeed true, we hope that our foes themselves will be disappointed in their expectations of a "siege of Washington. The chief glory of the late victories, is not the temporary relief of that city, *but the opportunity which they would seem to afford for the commencement of an offensive campaign in the enemy's country.* The capture of Washington would produce an immense sensation, but if unattended by an immediate advance into Pennsylvania, and a menace of the Northern capitals, it is impossible to say that the said sensation would be altogether and necessarily to our advantage. It would be a prodigious mortification to the North, but would not quit it a fatal, or even a serious loss of strength. The moral shock might possibly occasion negotiations for peace; but, if the Northern people possess any real courage, *it would more probably result in a general rush to arms.* Possession of Washington is only desirable as the open door to invasion; and if it is effectually closed against us by the occupation of Arlington, we hope that this precious season will not be consumed in picking the lock or battering it down, while the wall is full of breaches through which we may pass as well.

Reason indicates that the aim and object of the Confederacy at this stage of the war is, or should be, a *transfer of hostilities to the enemy's soil. It is, in fact, a matter of necessity that we should do so. It is difficult to see how an enormous army can be subsisted in Northern Virginia during the coming winter.* Everything that it consumes will have to be transported there from great distances, for it is now literally *an army in a desert.* Few who have not visited it know the extent to which this unfortunate portion of the State has been desolated. At the end of eighteen months it has been reduced to a condition nearly resembling that of Middle Germany, after the thirty years' war. The drums and tramplings of three conquests have not produced elsewhere the ravages and waste which the struggles of the Southern and the Northern hosts have caused in Piedmont, Virginia, during the past and present summers. *It will take one hundred full years to restore that country to the condition in which the war found it.* Deserted, as it is by the majority of its inhabitants, it is not easily perceived how the scattered remainder of its population hope to escape starvation during the coming winter; and the maintenance of an army of one hundred and fifty thousand men on an hostile soil, dependent on a single track when the winter has rendered the other highways impassable, will be an experiment not less dangerous than costly.

Even if that difficulty could be overcome, it is evident that our army cannot waste its time in protracted operations for the possession of a frontier city, unless it desires to lose nearly the opportunity to make a real approach to the end of the war that we have had since the beginning of it. Such a delay would be all that the enemy could now desire; for it would give him just the time necessary to organize and bring up his new army of six hundred thousand men, and while Washington should be neither a prize lost or won, but a prize still at stake between the two countries, the difficulties of raising that new army would be greatly alleviated.

If we cannot take Washington by a coup de main, it must be left to take care of itself. The true goals of our courts are the deliverance of Maryland and the invasion of Pennsylvania, and if we ever have an honorable treaty of peace with the United States, it will be signed on the enemy's territory, and not on our soil.

It is a game of chance, and in all games of chance there are unaccountable runs of good and bad luck. In the latter part of last winter and in the beginning of the spring, we had our season of evil fortune. Mishap succeeded mishap, loss followed loss, and disaster pursued disaster in a melancholy series so long and unbroken, that the Confederacy could realize the sensations of Macbeth, when he asks—"*Shall thy line stretch out to crack of doom?*" The tables are now turned; the cards run the other way. The North has now its dismal season; while the winter of our discontent is turned to glorious summer. Splendidly victorious in Virginia, our first organized advance into Kentucky is also marked by a success even more brilliant. The battle near Richmond, Ky., although ten thousand only of the enemy were engaged, is one of the most encouraging incidents of the war, if the report which the telegraph brings is indeed true, that the Kentucky regiments in the enemy had raised by compulsory enrolment, marched over to the side of their compatriots to deliver up the arms which their tyrants had forced into their hands. A large portion of the new levies of the North are to be drafted from the oppressed populations of conquered Southern States—Maryland, Kentucky, Missouri and Tennessee. We now know what these troops will be worth to them and to us, and can indulge the hope that they will organize, arm and equip as many more regiments from those States as the arm-bearing population will afford. The Kentucky victory appears by the dispatch to have been so complete, that we fear the details may be taken the impression that it leaves. But it is at least certain that we are victorious in Kentucky, and that our troops are upon their way to Lexington. In the West, as in the East, the smile of fortune is manifest; and in the masters of the art of war, agree with other gamblers, that luck should be pushed.

THE REBEL STRATEGY TO CAPTURE WASHINGTON.

[From the Richmond Enquirer, Sept. 6.

"The past few days have been occupied in the burial of the dead on the plains of Manassas. The movements of the armies beyond are unknown, the game of strategy being now deemed essential by both combatants—*the one for the preservation, the other for the capture of Washington.* A flag of truce was sent a day or two after the last battle by the enemy, asking permission to bury their dead. It was granted. Soon after a regiment of negroes, armed with spades, appeared, and after performing their work they were very properly taken in charge by our troops, most of them being runaway contrabands."

The 18th of September has been appointed by Jeff. Davis as a day of fasting and prayer, by a proclamation given at Richmond, the 4th instant, inviting the people of the Rebel States to assemble for worship, to render praise to God for the triumphs at Richmond and Manassas.

The same paper claims the victory of Thursday, Friday and Saturday's battles, and says that Lee's headquarters were at Annandale, 8 miles from Alexandria.

The Enquirer also says:—

It is now one week since our last battles, and the public has no information of the particulars. It is trifling with the public heart to be thus careless of its deepest feelings. No one knows who was killed or wounded. We do not know whose fault it is, but, in behalf of the bereaved, we appeal to the Secretary of War to ascertain who has fallen and make it public.

THE SECOND BATTLE OF MANASSAS ON FRIDAY

On Monday Gen. A. P. Hill moved down from Salem along the Manassas Gap railroad, and on Tuesday took possession of Manassas Junction, capturing several hundred prisoners and eight or ten guns. General Ewell followed General Hill and General Taliaferro, commanding General Jackson's old division, followed General Ewell. General Taliaferro reached Manassas Wednesday evening, just as the troops of Ewell and Hill were evacuating that position and falling back towards Bull Run in the direction of Centreville. Gen. Taliaferro occupied Manassas, and made a show of throwing out heavy pickets towards the enemy, who was at Bristow Station, on the Orange and Alexandria railroad, five miles distant in a southwesterly direction, but directly after nightfall calling in his pickets. He then fell back towards Centreville and took a position near Groveton, where he remained all night. His position was to the right of Generals Hill and Ewell. At dawn the next (Thursday) morning occasional reports of cannon and musketry began to be heard towards the left, which was kept up at intervals until evening. Still no enemy had yet been on the portion of the field occupied by Gen. Taliaferro's division; but about 5 o'clock P. M., they were suddenly borne down upon by several heavy columns of the enemy, numbering, it was estimated, 20,000 men. The fight was opened on both sides with artillery; at first at long range, but gradually the enemy drew up his batteries to our lines. By six o'clock the distance between the combatants had been reduced to musket range, and the fight along the whole line of Taliaferro's, Ewell's and Hill's divisions became general. The enemy fought with great obstinacy, being inspired, it is thought, by the supposition that they had caught General Jackson in small force, and had an opportunity of crushing him. But as often as they charged our lines they were driven back with thinned ranks, without being able to move us from our position. Finally, night closed over the scene, and the enemy retired from the conflict. The battle was, however, kept up until nine o'clock by the artilleriats on both sides.

Our men rested on their position that night, and on Friday morning moved forward a mile in the direction of the enemy.

Our loss in this battle is estimated at between eight hundred and a thousand killed and wounded. The enemy's is known to have been more than double that number. We note the few casualties that have come to our knowledge. General Taliaferro was struck three times in the beginning of the action, in the foot, neck and arm. The first two were very slight, but the last a painful though not dangerous wound. The General continued in command until the close of the action.

General Ewell was shot through the knee with a Minie ball. The bones were so badly shattered as, in the opinion of his surgeons, to render amputation necessary. When our informant saw him he was being borne from the field on a litter to a hospital in the direction of Aldie, preparatory to the operation.

Major Lawson Botts, of the Twenty-second Virginia, received a dangerous, but, it is thought, not a mortal wound, from a Minie ball, which entered his face on the left side and emerged at the back of his head. The ball coursed around the bones without breaking them.

Major Terry, of Wytheville, was shot through the arm, Captain Fulton through the neck, and Lieutenant Luke through the shoulder—all severe wounds. Captain A. V. Scott, of the Twenty-third Virginia regiment, was badly shot in the arm.

Colonel Neff, of the Thirty-third Virginia, was killed.

The wounded have all been removed to hospitals established near Aldie, in the county of Loudoun.

Since writing the above we learn that Major May, of the Twelfth Virginia, was killed, and Lieutenant Colonel Skinner, of the First Virginia, mortally wounded.

Gens. Ewell, Jenkins, Mahone and Trimble were wounded. Cols. Means, Marshall and Gadberry, of South Carolina, were killed; and Benbon, McGowan and Brandon wounded. Major Del Kemper was severely wounded in the shoulder. Capt. Tabb and Capt. Mitchell, of the First Virginia, were wounded. W. Cameron, Adjutant of the Seventy-fourth Virginia, and Adjt. Tompkins, of Hampton's Legion, were both wounded. Fifty Baltimore of Washington, who came to witness the show, were all bagged.

THE RECENT BATTLES IN VIRGINIA.

Report of Major General Pope.

HEAD-QUARTERS ARMY OF VIRGINIA, }
September 3, 1862. }

General: I have the honor to submit the following brief sketch of the operations of this army since the 9th of August.

I moved from Sperryville, Little Washington and Warrenton, with the corps of Banks and Sigel and one division of McDowell's corps, numbering in all 32,000 men, to meet the enemy, who had crossed the Rapidan, and was advancing on Culpeper. The movement toward Gordonsville had completely succeeded in drawing off a large force from Richmond, and in relieving the army of the Potomac from much of the danger which threatened its withdrawal from the Peninsula.

The action of August 9, at Cedar Mountain, with the forces under Jackson, which compelled his retreat across the Rapidan, made necessary still further reinforcements of the enemy from Richmond; and by this time, it being apparent that the army of the Potomac was evacuating the Peninsula, the whole force of the enemy concentrated around Richmond was pushed forward with great rapidity to crush the army of Virginia before the forces evacuating the Peninsula could be united with it. I remained at Cedar Mountain, and still threatened to cross the Rapidan, until the 17th or August, by which time Gen. Robert Lee had assembled in my front, and within eight miles, nearly the whole rebel army. As soon as I ascertained this fact, and knew that the army of the Potomac was no longer in danger, I drew back my whole force across the Rappahannock, on the night of the 17th and day of the 18th, without loss of any kind, and one day in advance of Lee's proposed movement against me. The enemy immediately appeared in my front at Rappahannock Station, and attempted to pass the river at that bridge and the numerous fords above and below, but without success.

The line of the upper Rappahannock, which I had been ordered to hold, that the enemy might be delayed long enough in his advance upon Washington to enable the forces from the Peninsula to land and effect a junction with me, was very weak, as it could be crossed at almost any point above the railroad bridge by good fords.

By constant vigilance and activity, and much severe fighting for three days, the enemy was gradually forced around from the railroad crossing to Waterloo Bridge, west of Warrenton. Meantime my force had been much diminished by actual loss in battle, and by fatigue and exposure—so that, although I had been joined by a detachment under Gen. Reno and the other divisions of McDowell's corps, my force barely numbered forty thousand men.

On the — a heavy rain fell, which rendered the fords impassable for twenty-four hours. As soon as I discovered this, I concentrated my forces, and marched rapidly upon Sulphur Springs and Waterloo Bridge to drive back the forces of the enemy, which had succeeded in crossing at these points. This was successfully done and the bridges destroyed.

I passed — one day—another part of me—at Warrenton and beyond. The enemy still continued to move slowly around along the river, masking every ford with artillery and heavy forces of infantry, so that it was impossible for me to attack him, even with the greatly inferior forces under my command, without passing the river over fords strongly guarded, in